

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 751

APRIL 19, 1884

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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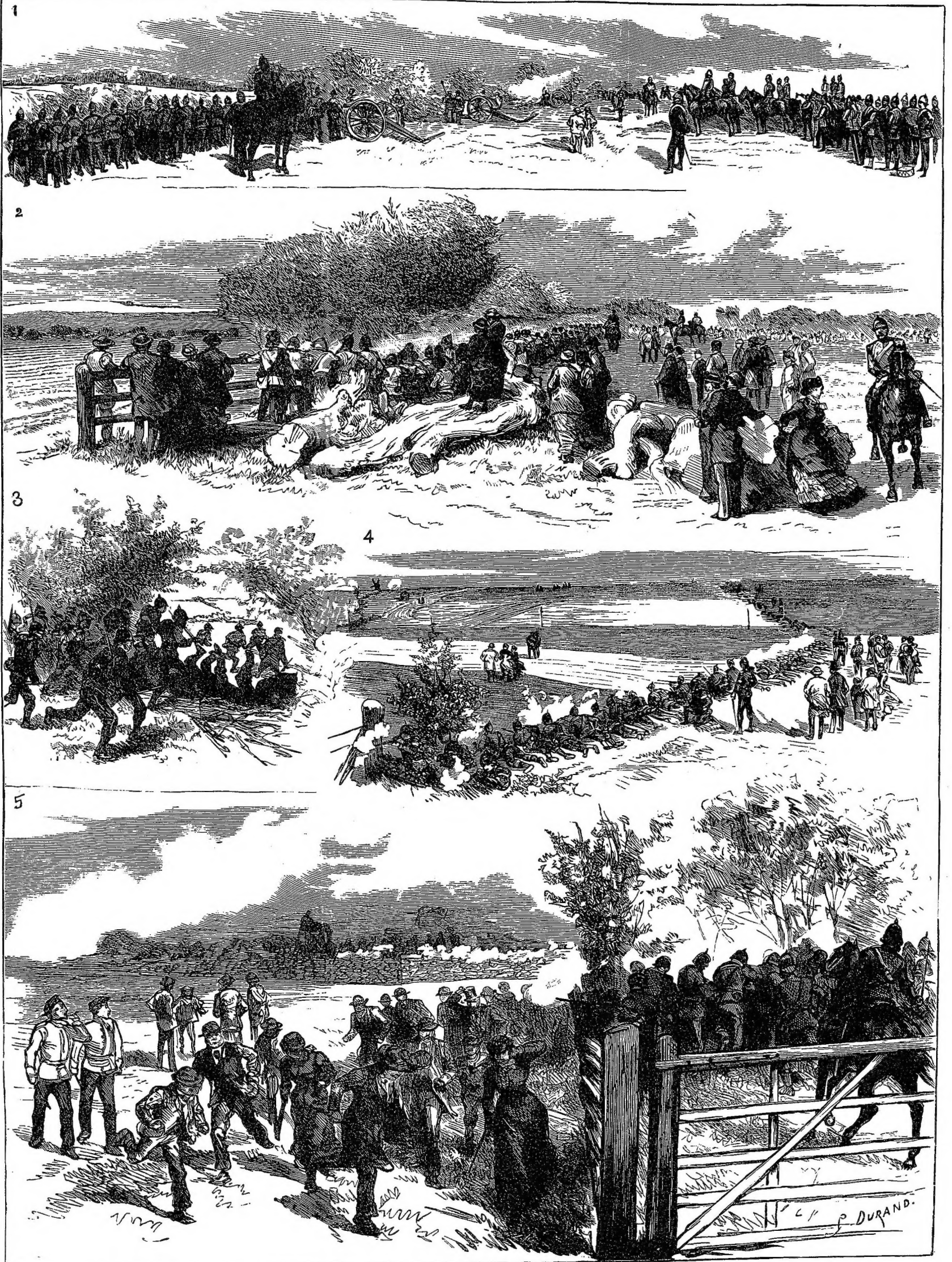
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. On the Left of the Defending Force—The First Cannon Shot.—2. The Defending Force at Frith Farm.—3. The Attacking Force Pursuing the Enemy.—4. The Last Line of the Defending Force.—5. The Redoubt Repelling the Attacking Force.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES—WITH THE FORCES AT DOVER

Topics of the Week

THE DYNAMITE PLOTTERS.—Judging by previous attempts, it may reasonably be supposed that, if the late arrests had not taken place, a large number of Easter excursionists might have been torn limb from limb or otherwise hideously mangled. A terrible slaughter at Victoria Station was only averted by a slight derangement in the clockwork apparatus employed, and such good fortune as this cannot always be expected. To comment on the atrocious wickedness of such doings would be superfluous. The object of these lines is of a more practical character. It is to warn Irishmen that a thoroughly successful explosion—one which should effect the "removal" or the mutilation of some scores of people, some of them quite possibly Irish—would cause such an outburst of wrath in this country that the consequences might be serious. Thousands of Roman Catholic Irishmen come over here, earn good wages, and enjoy exactly the same privileges as their fellow-citizens from England, Wales, and Scotland. But if once an idea gets possession of the English mind that any one of these Irishmen may be a possible conspirator—not merely against the British Constitution, but against the lives, limbs, and properties of private persons—a demand may arise for the expulsion of the whole race, innocent or guilty. The details of the Birmingham arrests indicate that Irishmen holding responsible positions are implicated in these schemes, and already the effect of such revelations is that out of several candidates for a situation an employer prefers to engage a person whose nationality is not Irish. That the men arrested with bombs and infernal machines in their possession should undergo flogging seems a most appropriate punishment, seeing that they deliberately plan to inflict torture on others; but let it not be forgotten that these men do not stand alone. Every one, both in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, who subscribes to, or sympathises with, organisations for procuring the independence of Ireland by violent means, is more or less of a dynamitard, and none the less guilty because he takes care to run no personal risk. We commend these remarks to the disloyalist Irish. The expatriation of some hundred thousand Irish residents from England would not be a very profitable exchange for fifty or sixty blackened corpses of the hated race of John Bull.

THE CHINESE "COUP D'ÉTAT."—Europe is indebted to China for many boons, some priceless, others of uncertain value. Gunpowder, competitive examinations, the art of printing, and, we suspect, the roundabout phrases in which diplomacy says little in many words—these are but a few of the blessings to humanity which owed their origin to Celestial ingenuity. But if we care to profit by it, another piece of most precious teaching has just been afforded by the pig-tailed nation. Prince Kung, who has been called sometimes the Bismarck, sometimes the Gladstone, of China, has been turned out of office, neck and crop, by the Empress, and a swarm of minor Ministers have tumbled off their perches simultaneously, thrust down by the same resolute hand. Their crime? Merely, that they were unsuccessful. They had undertaken to keep the French out of Tonquin, by one means or another, and, had they succeeded, the Vermillion Pencil would have glorified them with honours and dignities and every man of them would have received promotion in buttons and umbrellas. Is it not, then, perfectly fair and sensible that their failure has been followed by degradation and disgrace? Surely the Chinese are wiser in this matter than the English. Supposing—it is, of course, a purely hypothetical case—that this country were under a Government of incapables. Supposing that, although the world stood amazed at the blundering, they could not be got rid of by Parliamentary process. Supposing, lastly, that when their incapacity had brought the Empire to the verge of ruin, the Sovereign had the right to say, "Be off with you, bag and baggage, and hide yourself in the Channel Tunnel!" But we must not carry suppositions too far. It is safer to scorn the Chinese and their institutions as anti-progressive, and to pray for the time when some future Prince Kung will be able to snap his fingers at the Head of the State. Then they will be like ourselves.

ALDERMEN.—The Aldermen may take heart of grace. Sir William Harcourt has made no provision in his Municipality Bill for retaining their title, but an amendment will supply this omission. There is enough sentimental attachment to the old civic dignity to prevent its extinction, and it will be easy to provide that some of the officials in the new Corporation—probably the Chairmen of the District Boards—shall wear the aldermanic gown. Sir William Harcourt seems to be imbued with the West End fallacies as to Aldermen, and it is rather curious that a Minister generally so shrewd should have made such a mistake as to think that the title of Alderman was a thing of no account. It may not be rated very highly in Belgravian drawing-rooms, but it is very much esteemed in the City, and the body of honourable intelligent men who compose the present Court of Aldermen must have been amused at the impertinence of the Ministerial

journal, which declared that "no man of sense and ability would care to accept functions weighted with a ridiculous title." We are afraid that it must be admitted that there have been ridiculous Aldermen—we even fancy that we have heard of ridiculous statesmen and journalists; but it is too often forgotten that if the typical Alderman of old time was over-fond of turtle soup and punch, he paid pretty munificently for these dainties. It has never been a costless thing to be an Alderman, and the office is no sinecure. Of late years, especially since the era of City improvements began, the Aldermen have had to devote more and more time to the public service, and the record of good work which they will leave behind them will ensure respect both to themselves personally, and to the ancient title which they have graded.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER ON EGYPT.—The case against the Egyptian policy of the Gladstone Cabinet must indeed be strong, when a mere historical summary of facts from the date of the bombardment of Alexandria down to the present time forms such a damning indictment against them. It is not merely that they have sacrificed British honour and British money. That would be bad enough. But by their miserable vacillating policy they have brought misery on thousands of persons. The surviving relatives of those who during the last two years have been slaughtered in Egypt, whether they be English, Egyptian, or Soudanese, may equally curse the imbecile administrators in Downing Street. Their friends have been deprived of life for nothing, or worse than nothing, seeing that the whole of that vast region from the Delta southwards almost to the Equator is in a far worse plight than it was at the time of Arabi's revolt. It is useless here to recapitulate the dismal story; Sir Samuel Baker has told it admirably. But one point is worthy of note. The mass of the people in this country have been extraordinarily apathetic. Thirty years ago a far less serious amount of mismanagement would have caused a Ministry to resign. Why is this? Two reasons may be alleged. First and foremost that the voting power now rests with a class who are ignorant of, and indifferent about, the government of dependencies. Secondly, that the Conservative party are in a very feeble and flaccid condition. No doubt, if their leaders were in office, they would manage Egypt better than the present men—they could not possibly manage worse; but then on the domestic subjects which are of interest to the multitude they have no bold or decisive policy to recommend, while at the same time, by a petty and nibbling system of opposition, they show their hostility to measures on which the mass of the public have set their hearts. Hence we have the phenomenon of a Government firmly seated in power, and yet, so far as Egypt is concerned, deserving to be regarded with loathing and contempt.

CAUCUS PIONEERING.—In himself Mr. Jesse Collings is not so illustrious that his fellow-countrymen would point him out to the distinguished foreigner as "one of our most eminent citizens." But through the deep obscurity of the Collings, some have been quick to detect the far-off flashes of the brilliant Chamberlain. Hence a certain importance attaches to what fell from the Member for Ipswich, last Monday, at Leamington. The occasion was a grand gathering of agricultural labourers, assembled to hear, and if possible to rejoice, that they are about to receive the franchise, but without any power of exchanging their votes for beer. Dr. Dale, Nonconformist Pontiff of that highly-improved Rome, Birmingham, spoke to them, and Mr. Arch, foreseeing the time when by their assistance he will make laws at St. Stephen's, congratulated them, and Mr. Jesse Collings danced, so to speak, a rigadon of gladness, and gave every Hodge to understand that they were all his brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins-german. These felicitations having been got through,—why was "Mitchell from the Plough" absent?—the elect of Ipswich begged his clay-sodden brethren to remember that, although the Franchise Bill was a tolerable sort of thing in its way, it should only be considered a stop-gap. "It deserves," he proclaimed, "the support of advanced Liberals, merely as a new starting-point in their policy." This is a slightly different version to what we have been accustomed to hear from Ministerial lips. Over and over again have the public received assurance that finality in electoral reform would be reached for the present century as soon as the Franchise Bill and some supplementary measures of Redistribution and Registration were carried. In that belief, numbers of Liberals have hardened their consciences, and tried to make-believe that the addition of two millions of voters to the register squared with their inclinations to a nicety. It is positively disheartening, therefore, to have this terribly candid Mr. Collings announcing the intention of the Mountain to begin another agitation from the vantage ground about to be secured. And the worst of it is that, although the hand is the hand of Jesse, the voice sounds unpleasantly like the voice of Joe.

BLUE BOOKS.—Charles Lamb used to say that his best literary work was hidden away in the pigeon-holes of the India Office, and there are doubtless many officials who might say as much now. They write painstaking reports which perhaps nobody ever reads, or, if extracts of them are served up to the public in Blue Books, the disgusted

authors find that all the best passages have been cut out. The Consul who, being requested to make a report to the Foreign Office as to the manners and customs of an African people, wrote simply, "Manners none, customs brutish," was possibly as wise in his generation as his brethren who send home voluminous manuscripts which it is the business of some gentleman in Downing Street to boil down into a sort of Liebig's Essence of facts. Blue Books, Parliamentary Returns, and other such publications are seldom interesting to the public, but they cost the tax-payer so much that it is clearly desirable they should only be issued when it is certain they will be useful, not to one or two Members of Parliament only, but to a considerable number of members. It has been suggested that the cost of every Parliamentary paper should be printed on the title-page, so that the member who moved for it should feel his responsibility. This might be done with advantage, and it would also be a good thing if the signatures of at least fifty members were required before a Return of any sort were issued. We too often hear a member call upon the Government to supply him with statistics which will be of no use to a soul, except himself, and which he might compile cheaply enough at his own expense by sending a clerk to a public library. However, things are not so bad in our Parliament as in the American Legislatures, where members have been known to move for Returns merely to assist some of their constituents in the distribution of trade-circulars. A Congressman hit upon an economical plan of advertising when he moved for a Return of all the hotels in his native State where a new kind of fire-hose, patented by a Company of which he was the Chairman, was used.

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AUSTRALASIA.—The speech of Lord Rosebery and the letters of "Australasian" and Sir E. F. Ducane in Wednesday's and Thursday's *Times* are far more deserving of study than many of the essentially trivial subjects which attract public attention. Although there are few families in this country which do not possess some friends or relatives in our colonies, yet great ignorance and indifference prevails concerning the history of those magnificent possessions, and of the opinions and aspirations of their inhabitants. The Australasian colonies alone contain a population of some 3,000,000 persons, who are all, with a few insignificant exceptions, of British origin, and they are day by day being more and more nearly transformed into a new nation. The transformation may be easily accelerated by the application of an external shock. France threatens to apply such a shock. If she persists in her intention of peopling certain of the Pacific Islands with the criminal refuse of her population, she will infallibly crystallise the inhabitants of our Southern Colonies into a solid national mass. And, unless the mother-country can by persuasion or force turn France from her resolve, the Australasians will, it is certain, take the matter into their own hands. They will virtually go to war with France, by breaking up and dispersing these convict settlements. Some people may argue that these islands are a long way from the Australian Continent. Geographically they may be, but practically they are very near. Owing to smooth seas and the constant trade wind, it is a far less risky enterprise to travel in an open boat from New Caledonia and the adjacent islands to Queensland than it would be to pass in a similar craft from Dover to Calais. Unswerving firmness on the part of our statesmen at the present juncture may prevent a prolonged and terrible war in the near future.

THE COCK-FIGHTING REVIVAL.—We would suggest to the Home Secretary that the public interest might be promoted were a few Press reporters added to the police staff. This idea has occurred to us in consequence of seeing a long and detailed account of a recent cock-fight, in the London papers. It was a grand tournament, with fifteen feathered knights on either side, and large sums depended upon the result. Thirty-seven persons attended, and the battle took place "in an orchard attached to the country seat of a gentleman." The report does not specify the exact locality, but the exciting affair evidently occurred somewhere in the Home counties, and, apparently, within easy distance of the metropolis. Yet the police knew nothing about it, or we are bound to believe that they would have interfered. That is why we suggest the enlistment of some gentlemen of the Press to help the powers that be. Not very long ago, the Yorkshire papers published graphic descriptions, quite in the old *Bell's Life* style, of a prolonged prize-fight for heavy stakes. It was carried out with all the regular formalities, and a large crowd witnessed the engagement. But neither in this instance had the police any eyes or ears for the violation of the law. We could mention many other instances of the same remarkable phenomenon, and, were it not that police virtue is as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife ought to have been, it might almost be imagined that the patrons of prize-fighting and cock-fighting have learnt the magic efficacy of backsheesh in producing deafness, blindness, and dumbness. The British residuum is certainly quite brutal enough without these forms of education, and they do not hold the law in such respect that we can afford to allow it to be openly violated before their eyes, with complete impunity.

GATES AND BARS.—Because Mr. Henry George's cab was delayed for a fraction of five minutes on its way to Euston Station we are to have an agitation for removing the gates and bars which keep a few London streets clear of traffic; and we are informed that "the public will view with extreme jealousy any proposal for compensation." The Three Tailors of Tooley Street are always with us, and it is only in keeping with their traditional policy that they should jingle some high-sounding principle as an excuse for taking money's worth without payment. But the public, if it concerns itself with this matter at all, will desire to act fairly according to proved facts. It is absurd to talk of the Vestries refusing to pay for the paving of the barred streets out of the rates, for, in the first place, paving and road repairs cost much less in these streets than in others; and in the next, the rents of houses in barred streets being generally higher than in contiguous open ones, the tenants of these houses contribute more largely to the rates than their neighbours. Our tailoring friends should be just before they are generous with private property. The truth is that many people—often no doubt from a mistaken notion as to what constitutes a quiet street—like to live in places which have no thoroughfare. It might be of occasional convenience to some people if all gates and bars were knocked down—and it might be convenient to others if short cuts were allowed through every square and through sundry private court-yards and gardens; but the number of barred streets is, after all, very small, and in a vast city like London there is surely room for streets to suit all kinds of tastes.

THE COST OF RECREATION GROUNDS.—If the influential Londoners of fifty years ago had but possessed foresight, they would wisely have prohibited any further building operations just beyond the limits of the metropolis as it then existed for a distance of (say) half a mile in every direction. The result would have been that we should now be enjoying the use of a splendid circular belt of verdure, nowhere more than three miles from the General Post Office, while beyond this park the suburbs would begin. Even now it would be worth establishing such a prohibition at the six-mile radius, up to the circumference of which the brick-and-mortar invasion is rapidly advancing. Pending such a magnificent improvement as this, it is worth while to agitate for the preservation of less extensive but more easily attainable breathing-spaces. With this end in view we cordially commend to the attention of every London householder Lord Brabazon's letter in Tuesday's *Times*, because it contains some valuable statistics on a subject concerning which few non-professional persons have any knowledge. Supposing there is an eligible plot of vacant ground attainable in a suburb, how much will it cost to acquire it for the public use, and keep it in suitable order? The wearied shopkeeper or artisan, who year by year has to go further and further when on a Sunday he wants to see a green field, if asked how much he would contribute annually for the purchase and maintenance of a park of a hundred and sixty acres, would certainly not grumble at the small sum of sixpence in exchange for such a boon. This is exactly what Lord Brabazon calculates would be the rateable proportion payable by each 20*l.* householder for the acquirement of a park in Fulham. We strongly recommend his lordship to reprint his statistics in bold type, and bountifully "bill" the hoardings of Fulham and Hammersmith therewith. Our experience is that bills of this kind (when not mere trade advertisements) are more widely read and better remembered by working people than letters in newspapers.

FILTHY LUCRE, INDEED!—It is a *spécialité* of German savants to discover unpleasant things, in the interest of science and to the discomfort of humanity. A learned professor, Dr. Reinsch, has now ascertained that the man who has much money in his pocket, instead of being an enviable mortal as we have been wont to suppose, is greatly to be pitied. Every worn coin is, we are informed, "the home and feeding ground of Bacteria and vegetable fungi," and these objectionable parasites are terrible agents for the propagation of epidemic disease. It follows, therefore, that a pocketfull of money is often synonymous for a pocketfull of typhoid, and that thrifty monarch who used to amuse himself by "counting out his money" can scarcely have had a long life. What is to be done? Boil your coins in a weak solution of caustic potash, and you will be safe. So says Dr. Reinsch, and we defer to his authority. But would it not be a little inconvenient to ladies to carry the boiling apparatus with them whenever they went shopping? Perhaps that difficulty might be surmounted by providing every counter with the necessary machinery and chemicals. But how about omnibus travellers? The conductor could scarcely be expected to manage a little furnace and boiler. We fear, too, that cabby would consider it an extra were he required to boil the change he gives his customers. On the whole we cannot say much for the professor's antidote, from a practical point of view. A better plan would be for those who are afraid of metallic Bacteria to hand over their loose cash to more reckless folks. They would find plenty of recipients, no doubt. After all, there is nothing very new about Dr. Reinsch's idea. Elderly people will remember that superfine persons used to be supplied with "washed silver," as it was deemed improper that their delicate fingers should touch coins which had been defiled by the "horny-handed sons of toil."

HUMBLE HEROES.—Will that grand old text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," be written on the gravestone of John Hunting, aged seventy-eight, who was killed the other day in his master's service? John Hunting was knocked down and trampled upon by some colts which he was leading home. A gentleman seeing him severely hurt persuaded him to enter a carriage; but the old man thought only of his colts, and, the carriage having slackened its speed to go up a hill, he crawled out, hobbled back to where he had left the animals, and, though scarcely able to stand, took them to their destination. He died a few days afterwards, and it was proved at the inquest that he had received horrible injuries. It would be easy to rhapsodise over this poor man's exploit; but it is more difficult to select the simple words of admiration which are most appropriate to an act of humble duty performed by one who, it may be, had never in the course of his long life revealed that he had a hero's heart in him. Happily there are many men like John Hunting whom a sudden call to self-sacrifice, without prospect of honour or profit, finds ready. We are told occasionally that science is killing sentiment, and that valour is chilled by the prudence which comes of practical sense. But let us go among our firemen, our railway servants, our police, and we shall hear of deeds great enough to compare with any in the legends of chivalry. They are deeds unbragged of which the heroes usually disclaim as not worth talking about, and leave their "mates" to relate to those who care to listen. And the listeners are not many, for it requires art to make a good story out of a good deed, just as a jewel sometimes can only be shown off by the setting.

HOTEL CHARGES AT HOME AND ABROAD.—That choice strip of Southern French coast, which is sheltered by the mountains, and which looks out upon the sunny Mediterranean, seems, at any rate during the winter months, to be a land of extortion. The robbers who in mediæval days tenanted Rhine castles, and afterwards, it is said, built Rhine hotels, seem to have migrated, in spirit if not in body, to the Riviera. But, after all, the Riviera is an exceptional place. The people who resort thither are either invalids, or persons blest with abundant leisure and resources. Landlords naturally expect the rich and the sick to pay liberally. Speaking generally, however, the hotel charges in the most tourist-ridden part of the Continent, in North-Western France, Belgium, the Rhine Provinces, and Switzerland, are, as a rule, more moderate than in this tight little island of ours. Ought this to be so? Railways and steamboats have equalised prices all over Europe, and, as regards State taxation and the absence of the *octroi*, the British landlord has rather the pull over his Continental brother. Yet experience shows that in hotels of the better class one pays in England, roughly speaking, some three or four shillings per day more than on the Continent for the same average of food and accommodation. Four shillings a day during a three weeks' trip amounts to about four pounds, and the difference therefore may well make the intending traveller hesitate whether he shall explore the beauties of his native isle, or visit Frogland, Sausageland, or Alpstickland, at practically the same total cost. Landlords, especially Scottish landlords, may profitably read and inwardly digest these observations.

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Fautouls, 5*s.*; 1*s.* 6*d.*; 2*s.*; 3*s.*; 4*s.*; 5*s.*; 6*s.*; 7*s.*; 8*s.*; 9*s.*; 10*s.*; 11*s.*; 12*s.*; 13*s.*; 14*s.*; 15*s.*; 16*s.*; 17*s.*; 18*s.*; 19*s.*; 20*s.*; 21*s.*; 22*s.*; 23*s.*; 24*s.*; 25*s.*; 26*s.*; 27*s.*; 28*s.*; 29*s.*; 30*s.*; 31*s.*; 32*s.*; 33*s.*; 34*s.*; 35*s.*; 36*s.*; 37*s.*; 38*s.*; 39*s.*; 40*s.*; 41*s.*; 42*s.*; 43*s.*; 44*s.*; 45*s.*; 46*s.*; 47*s.*; 48*s.*; 49*s.*; 50*s.*; 51*s.*; 52*s.*; 53*s.*; 54*s.*; 55*s.*; 56*s.*; 57*s.*; 58*s.*; 59*s.*; 60*s.*; 61*s.*; 62*s.*; 63*s.*; 64*s.*; 65*s.*; 66*s.*; 67*s.*; 68*s.*; 69*s.*; 70*s.*; 71*s.*; 72*s.*; 73*s.*; 74*s.*; 75*s.*; 76*s.*; 77*s.*; 78*s.*; 79*s.*; 80*s.*; 81*s.*; 82*s.*; 83*s.*; 84*s.*; 85*s.*; 86*s.*; 87*s.*; 88*s.*; 89*s.*; 90*s.*; 91*s.*; 92*s.*; 93*s.*; 94*s.*; 95*s.*; 96*s.*; 97*s.*; 98*s.*; 99*s.*; 100*s.*; 101*s.*; 102*s.*; 103*s.*; 104*s.*; 105*s.*; 106*s.*; 107*s.*; 108*s.*; 109*s.*; 110*s.*; 111*s.*; 112*s.*; 113*s.*; 114*s.*; 115*s.*; 116*s.*; 117*s.*; 118*s.*; 119*s.*; 120*s.*; 121*s.*; 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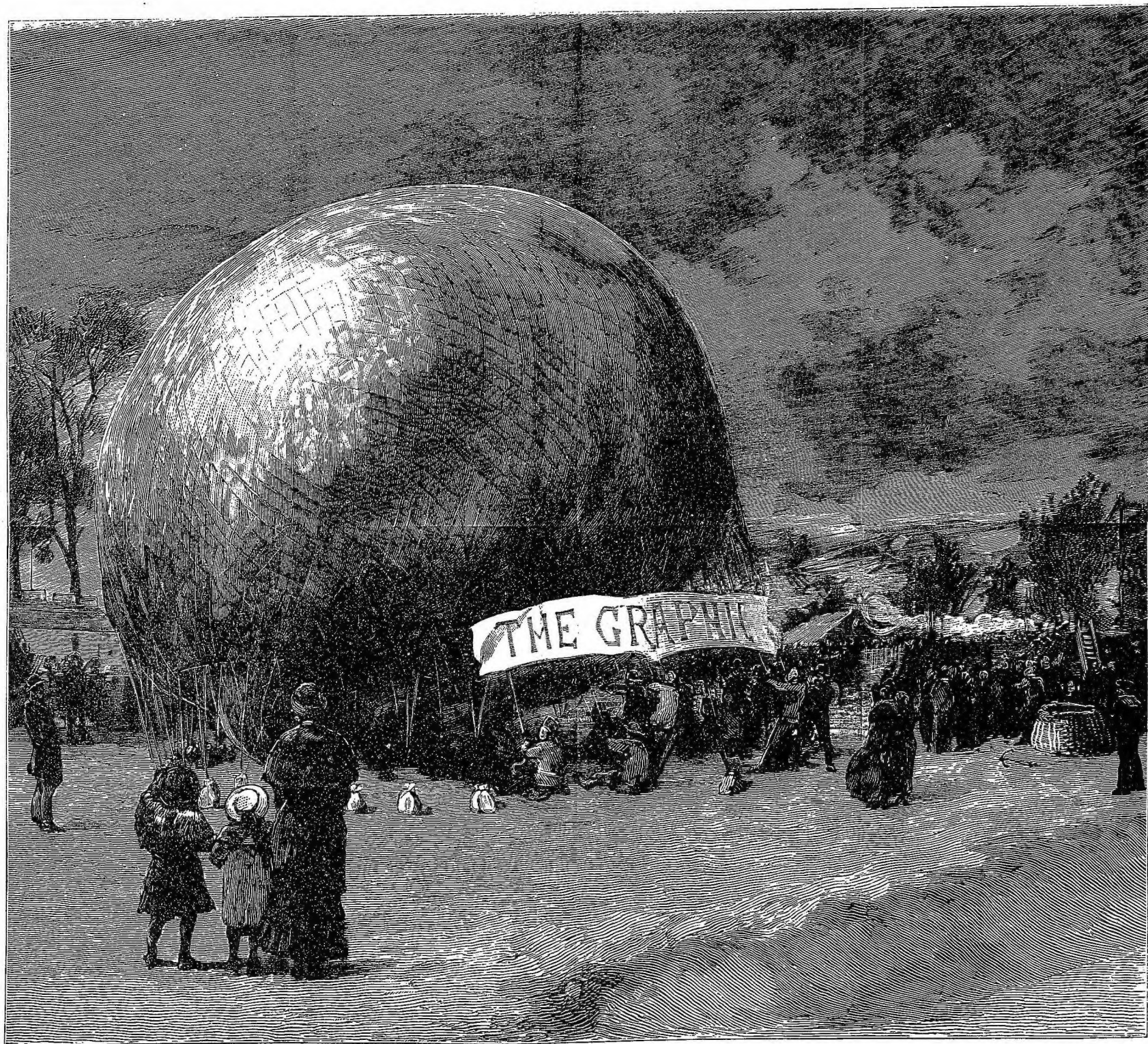
W. BLANCHARD JERROLD
Journalist and Litterateur
Born 1826. Died March 10, 1884



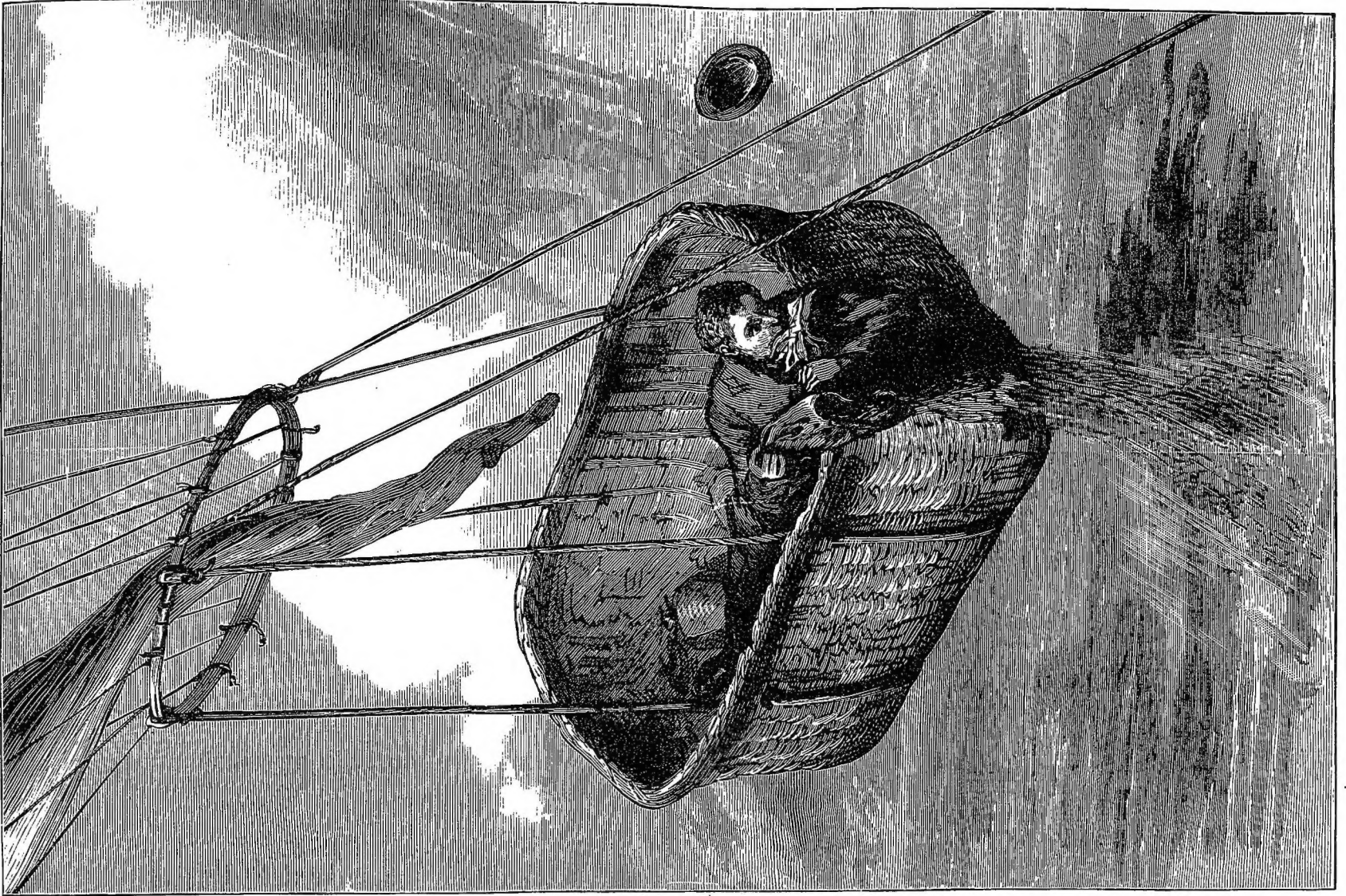
COLONEL SIR FRANCIS BOLTON
Recently Knighted for his Services in Connection with
Army Signalling



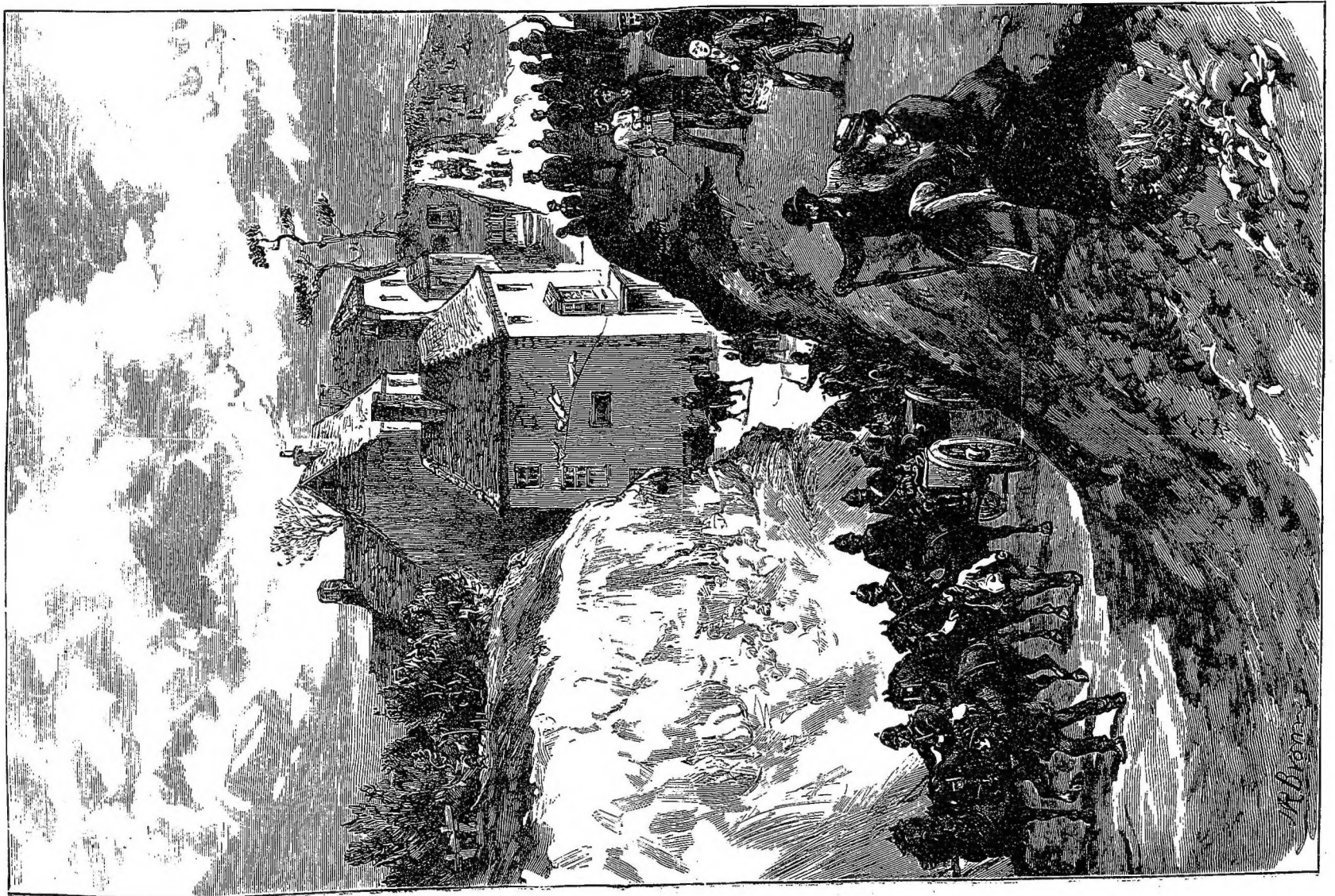
CAPTAIN CARLOS BRACONNIER
One of Mr. H. M. Stanley's Lieutenants in the Exploration
of the River Congo



THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH—INFLATING THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON: AN AWKWARD GUST



OUR ARTIST IN AIR—THE CAR OF THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON



BRINGING UP ARTILLERY

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH

railway. So energetic a foe had to be repulsed at all hazards, and it is pleasant to be able to record that the task was not beyond the powers of the defending force. The battle raged all day, and at one time its issue seemed doubtful; for the enemy pressed back the defending force, captured Frith Farm (an important position), and took the abandoned positions of the defenders. Then both armies halted for luncheon. When the battle was renewed, the defenders put forth all their strength. A deadly fire was opened from Fort Burgoyne; Frith Farm was recaptured, amid ringing cheers, in which the delighted spectators ecstatically joined; and the enemy was driven back along the whole line. The proceedings closed with a march past in the drill-yard of Fort Burgoyne, and it is satisfactory to record that the behaviour of the Volunteers, both when in action, in quarters, and in the streets, was all that it should be.

THE MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH

IMPORTANT as were the proceedings at Dover, the greatest interest naturally centres in the sham fight at Portsmouth, in which nearly 20,000 men took part. The sham-fight of Monday was preceded, as at Dover, by two preliminary days of route-marching and outpost duty. The marching of the Volunteers has recently been condemned by a high authority; and certainly on Friday and Saturday the work was not hard enough to put their endurance by any means to the test. A detachment of the Artists' Corps, nearly a hundred strong, did indeed march with their baggage waggons all the way from London, accomplishing the distance to Petersfield in three days, marching seventeen miles on the first two days and over twenty on the second; but this was an altogether exceptional performance. The great majority of the Volunteers "detained" at Petersfield, and accomplished the march thence to Portsmouth (about seventeen miles) in two days. Good Friday was a day of laziness and romancing, of idling on breezy heights, of theatrical surprises and vigorous *coups-de-main*. Some kindly genius at the War Office had invented for the amusement of the Volunteers a convoy, which, after purchasing provisions at the Petersfield Market, was supposed to be hastening towards Portsmouth. This convoy was to be pursued and captured by the Volunteers who detained at Petersfield. It was a pleasant conceit, and gave an excellent excuse for all sorts of enjoyable manœuvring. The new Mounted Infantry of the Victoria Rifles (an admirable little band, the pioneers, let us hope, of many such in the Volunteer Force) enjoyed the adventure hugely; so did the brigades of rifle-men who climbed the steep slopes of Butser Hill, and practised outpost duty among the gorse and bushes on its summit. The day was perfect; and the wooded country stretching far northwards, "dappled o'er with shadows flung from brooding clouds," enticed the eyes and satisfied the imagination. The descent of the various battalions down the steep sides of the Downs was a pretty spectacle, and the march along the winding roads and valleys to the billets at Horndean, Blendworth, Clanfield, Buriton, and Chalton was a pleasure.

THE WORK OF SATURDAY

WAKING little refreshed from their beds of straw in outhouses and barns (for no one sleeps much the first night of a Volunteer campaign), the Volunteers of the various marching columns found a lively day before them. For before marching into their quarters at Portsmouth they had to encounter a considerable force of Regular troops, with whom a battle was expected on the Portsdown Heights. Everything was admirably arranged for this very pretty sham-fight. A force of some 2,000 Regulars and Volunteers, consisting of the 1st Hampshire Regiment, 1st Gloucestershire, 2nd Lancashire, 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 4th Middlesex and 2nd Hampshire Volunteers, were marched from their quarters up to the Portsdown Heights, where, under the command of Colonel Brodigan of the 1st Gloucestershire, they were massed along the ridge, the left resting upon Fort Widley, the right extending beyond Fort Purbrook. Picquets were posted on the northern slope of the ridge to observe the advance of the marching columns under Colonel Moncrieff. The Duke of Cambridge and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, with a brilliant Staff, rode up from Portsmouth to witness the fight. About midday the outposts of Colonel Moncrieff's marching columns discovered the enemy's picquets, and a bickering rifle fire ensued. The fire increased rapidly as battalion after battalion was deployed along the slope of the ridge to press back the Regulars and Volunteers holding the summit. Colonel Moncrieff's attack was delivered with determination, and his vastly superior numbers told at once. Quickly the Volunteer battalions advanced up the slopes, taking advantage of all cover, firing volleys, and then advancing by rushes against the enemy, who slowly retired, sullenly contending for every yard of ground. Soon Colonel Moncrieff's men gained the summit of the Portsdown Heights, and a beautiful panorama was disclosed. Below lay Portsmouth and Hayling Island, with the Portsmouth and Langstone Harbours stretching almost up to the fort at Portsdown Heights, the Isle of Wight was plainly to be seen across the water, and many a sail animated the scene with its spot of whiteness. On the southern slope the red-coats were seen retreating across the fields and wire fences, towards Cosham and the Hilsea Lines. The battle was over, the Portsdown Heights were captured, and the Volunteers could refresh themselves from their haversacks and water-bottles. There were, of course, some absurd incidents in the fight. On the left, the Artists at one time came within 150 yards of a battalion of red-coats, and both sides peppered each other finely. Further to the right Colonel Lumsden, of the London Scottish, made his men charge at a sunken trench lined with troops in secure cover. In actual warfare not one of the gallant Scots would have reached the trench; but here, on the Portsdown Heights, they order things differently, and the red-coats, seeing the Scottish charging them, obligingly vacated their trench, and politely allowed the enemy to capture it. From Portsdown the marching columns proceeded to their various quarters, some to the barracks in Portsmouth, some to garrison the forts crowning the hills. Sunday was a day of rest and display. Many Volunteers visited the Isle of Wight, some went on board the *Victory*. The popular Artists' Corps was quartered in the Royal Marine Artillery Barracks, at Eastney, where they were most hospitably entertained. The regimental dog "Nell," of which a picture is given on page 372, was the object of much interest. On the R.M.A. Battalion landing at Alexandria, on the 17th of July, 1882, they were quartered in a large cotton store at Galbari, where they found "Nell." Little or no notice was taken of her until the engagement of the 5th of August, at Mellaha Junction, when she showed herself conspicuous among the ranks, and from that date became a pet of the Battalion, following them through the campaign, and subsequently to England, where she was decorated by the corps with a silver collar, with miniature medal and star attached. Hence her registration as a "regimental dog." She accompanied the R.M.A. Battalion through the following engagements:—Mellaha, El Magfar, Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin (Aug. 28th), Kassassin (Sept. 9th), and Tel-el-Kebir, and is ready to follow them in the field again if required.

THE SHAM-FIGHT ON EASTER MONDAY

OUR daily contemporaries have devoted columns to the description of the manœuvres of Monday. Detailed descriptions of sham fights are usually dull and technical, and we have no intention of repeating again with any minuteness the oft-told story. A glance at the large panorama issued with this number will convey a clearer idea of the

battle than columns of letterpress could. This panorama is from a sketch by one of our artists, who ascended alone in a captive balloon at much personal risk to view the manœuvres. Hovering over the battle-field at a height of 750 feet he was able to observe every detail of the battle. It will be sufficient to say in explanation that three forces were engaged. A force marching from the west endeavoured to join hands with the garrison in the Hilsea Lines, the garrison making a sortie to aid the attempt. On the other hand, a force from the north endeavoured to prevent this junction. The opposing forces started from opposite ends of the Portsdown Hills, meeting about the centre. Here the battle raged fiercely on both slopes of the hills, extending four miles, from Pigeon House Farm on the north to the village of Cosham on the south. The battle and manœuvring was, in fact, a precise repetition of that on the same ground two years ago. As an instance of the curious uncertainty which prevails on these occasions, it may be mentioned that while the correspondent of one daily paper—a man who has done distinguished work as a special war correspondent, and is well acquainted with real battle-fields and the conditions of actual warfare—declared that the attempt of the western force to relieve the Hilsea garrison had "miserably failed," another correspondent, also on the spot, and with ample opportunities for judging, asserted the precise opposite, and declared that Sir F. Festing's sortie from Hilsea was entirely effectual, and that the Hilsea force succeeded in joining hands with the victorious relieving army from the west. Which of these observers is nearest to the truth we do not stay to inquire. The actual result of the battle is of comparatively little importance. The minor tactics were often ludicrous; but, taken as a whole, the manœuvring must be pronounced distinctly creditable both to officers and men. The former have, however, much more to learn than the latter. Its officers have been, and still are, the weak point of the Volunteer force. These last Easter manœuvres have presented no startling novelties. The use of Volunteer Mounted Infantry for the first time is a happy innovation, and the example of the well-equipped little band of Victorias will, we trust, be shortly followed by many other corps. The use of machine guns in the field was another novelty for Easter manœuvres, though these guns were first used last year in an interesting sham-fight at Aldershot.

WILLIAM BLANCHARD JERROLD

DOUGLAS JERROLD used jokingly to say that he fed his family out of his inkstand, and the taste for scribbling most undoubtedly descended to his son, who was a writer of reputation while still almost a boy, and who died (figuratively, if not literally) with the pen in his hand, for, despite bodily weakness, he worked to the last. He was born in 1826, and in 1849 he married the daughter of his godfather, Laman Blanchard, after whom he was named. Douglas Jerrold's name was a tower of strength to the readers of *Lloyd's Weekly News* (middle-aged working men will remember how eagerly they used to look for "The Barber's Chair," a weekly epitome of political and other conversation), and when he died so prematurely in 1857 the proprietors at once offered his son the post. It is not often that a son is able to succeed a father—and especially such a father—so successfully, yet Mr. Jerrold held his appointment for twenty-six years, up to the time of his death. Besides his editorial work he was a voluminous writer—too voluminous, indeed, for enduring reputation; he wrote several successful plays, he knew French well, and he was employed by the Imperial family to write "The Life of Napoleon III.," an able apology for the Imperial régime. He took great interest in the question of copyright, and was President of the International Literary Association. He had a daughter Alice, a bright, clever creature, with much of the Jerrold brilliancy (she has often contributed to these columns), married to Mr. Adolphe Smith, but she predeceased her father some years ago. Mr. Jerrold suffered from a malady, troublesome but not necessarily dangerous. He took, however, fewer precautions than he should have done, with the result that, after a comparatively short illness, he died on March 10. —Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

SIR FRANCIS BOLTON

COLONEL SIR FRANCIS BOLTON received his first commission in the army in September, 1857, and after three years' active service on the Gold Coast, for which he received special thanks, was promoted to a captaincy in the 12th Foot. He served on the Staff as Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, and was attached to the Royal Engineers at Chatham. In July, 1863, in consideration of special army services, he was promoted to an unattached majority. He was finally retired in July, 1881, with the rank of colonel.

Colonel Bolton is the inventor of the system of Telegraphic and Visual Signalling, which was adopted into Her Majesty's Services in 1863. He was instrumental in instructing the several branches of the service in the use of his system, and the results have been very valuable. This system now forms part of the army organisation, and has been successfully applied on active service in the Abyssinian, Indian, Afghan, and Egyptian wars, and also generally in India and the Colonies.

The army is also indebted to Colonel Bolton for other improvements and inventions in regard to warlike matériel. Indeed, his whole service has been such as to merit special recognition, so that on the recommendation of the Secretary for War the Queen has conferred upon him the honour of knighthood.

Colonel Sir Francis Bolton is a Civil Engineer, and is well known in connection with the Water Supply of London, as the Water Examiner under the Metropolitan Water Act, 1871, and also as the founder of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians, of which Society he has been the honorary secretary since its formation in 1870.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, 57 and 61, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE CONGO EXPEDITION—CAPTAIN BRACONNIER

CAPTAIN CARLOS BRACONNIER, the second in command of the Upper Congo Expedition, which has been undertaken by Mr. Stanley under the auspices of the International African Association, is a Belgian officer of some distinction, and was selected by the King of the Belgians from a number of officers who had volunteered for the work. Captain Braconnier left for the West Coast of Africa in June, 1880, joined Stanley, who had gone out some months previously, and for three years has been the trusted right-hand and companion of the great African explorer. Captain Braconnier accompanied Stanley throughout that long, difficult, and harassing march, which led at first to Stanley Pool and ultimately to Nyangwe. He was appointed to the command of Leopoldville Station at Stanley Pool, the chief halting-place on the road to Central Africa, and the basis for operations on the Upper Congo. The station is situated on a lake, and is named after King Leopold, forming a harbour for launches and steamers, and a bonded warehouse for Msuaba, Bolobo, Lukolama, and the Equatorial stations which were established later on.

Such a post entailed considerable responsibility, as great tact had to be exercised with regard to the various tribes by which the station was surrounded. The task, however, was performed with ability, Captain Braconnier exhibiting both the talent of a diplomatist and the firmness of a soldier. England, in particular, should feel grateful to Captain Braconnier, as he has shown himself exceedingly liberal and generous towards her missionaries, Messrs. Comber,

Bentley, and Sims, who for the first time have appeared in that region, and with his help mission-houses were erected in Leopoldville. In June, 1882, when Stanley visited Europe for the sake of his health, he left Captain Braconnier in charge of the Expedition, and that the latter had thoroughly won the regard of his chief is manifest by the way in which Stanley writes of him in an official despatch: "The most striking side of Captain Braconnier's character is his calm coolness, a complete absence of any fear—the most valuable qualification for one who travels or lives amongst black tribes." Captain Braconnier has recently returned home, honoured alike by his King and his countrymen.—Our portrait is from a photograph by MM. Geruz et Frères, 276, Rue de l'Ecuyer, Brussels.

FIRE ON THE HOOGLY, NEAR CALCUTTA

ON the 20th of February last Calcutta narrowly escaped a terrible disaster. In the morning it became known that the ship *Aurora*, which had arrived a few days before from America with a cargo of kerosine oil, was on fire at her moorings below Garden Reach. About half the cargo had been landed, but still some 30,000 cases of oil were on board. The *Aurora* being an old wooden ship there was no want of material to feed the flames, which burnt fiercely till the evening, when the hulk sank. Two ships, also laden with kerosine, lying near her, were in imminent danger till they had been removed to the opposite side of the river. But the most serious danger was that, when the ship broke up, the southerly wind and tide might carry the burning oil to the crowded part of the river, about a mile higher up. Had that happened a catastrophe on an almost unparalleled scale could hardly have been avoided. The scene as the ship sank and the unconsumed cases were seen to be afloat, is described as wonderful. The river appeared to be on fire, while the cases exploded with the sound of volleys of musketry, and a thick cloud of black smoke hung over the town. Luckily the "slant" of the wind carried the oil towards the shore, while such portion of the flaming material as floated up the river was broken up and intercepted by the buoys. By seven o'clock all danger was past. But that the shipping of this great seaport should owe its escape from, perhaps, total destruction to the opportune accident of a change of wind, would seem to show the existence of some defect in the arrangements connected with the rapidly-increasing kerosine trade. The burning of the *Aurora* is now being urged as a strong argument in favour of the revival of the scheme for the establishment of a subsidiary port at Port Canning, on the River Mutlah—a scheme which is strongly supported by the Harbour Commissioners, and which seems likely to take definite form before long.—Our smaller engraving is from a photograph taken by Captain St. George Gore, R.E., of the Surveyor-General's Office, Calcutta; the larger engraving is from a sketch by Mr. A. H. Mason, Government English College, Seebpore, Calcutta.

EGYPTIAN TROOPS EMBARKING AT BOULAK FOR ASSOUAN

THE town of Assouan on the Nile is of especial interest at the present moment, for, according to recent proposals, it is to form the chief frontier town of Egypt Proper after the Soudan has been abandoned to the Mahdi, and Nubia left to take care of itself as it best can. Indeed, both geographically and ethnographically, it may be said that there Egypt terminates and Nubia begins, though, as Colonel Stewart very truly remarks, the name of the Egyptian Soudan has taken place of all others for the whole of Egyptian territory below Assouan. A detachment of Egyptian soldiers have been already despatched thither under Colonel Duncan, and a regiment of British troops had been ordered there, but were eventually stopped at Assiout, the present terminus of the railway from Cairo. The town of Assouan contains some 6,000 inhabitants, and in "the piping times of peace" and of Khédive Ismail it was considered the Ultima Thule of the ordinary tourist's peregrinations, as it is situated on the First Cataract. There is a small railway here, which transfers goods and passengers to and from the boats above and below the cataract. Thence to Wadi Halfa, the Second Cataract, the Nile is again navigable. A scheme was at one time proposed for a Soudan railway from Assouan to Khartoum, and a study of the proposed line was made by two Englishmen, Mr. Walker and Mr. Bray, but nothing came of it. Sir John Hawkshaw also recommended the canalisation of the Cataract, while Mr. Fowler proposed to construct a ship railway overland, utilising the descending water as the mechanical force. At Assouan the Nile assumes the appearance of a lake, in which lies the palm-fringed island of Elephantine, with the dark masses of the granite hills forming the Cataract as a southern boundary. The First Cataract, however, is not properly a waterfall, and even in the most difficult place, the gate of the Cataract, the gradient is not more than one in fifteen. Black rock masses rise abruptly from the foaming current, and here and there blocks fallen from them form islets of 150 to 200 feet in height. Two of our engravings represent views of Assouan, from water-colour drawings by Mr. H. Pilleau; the third, the embarkation of Egyptian troops at Boulak, is from a sketch by Col. the Hon. J. Colborne, who writes:—"The arrangements were admirably carried out under the personal superintendence of Mr. T. Cook. The troops embarked from the Arsenal, Boulak, in the most orderly manner, Sir E. Wood himself superintending the embarkation. The troops numbered 1,300, with four British officers, three steamers and four barges being provided."

RUSSIA—THE MURDER OF COLONEL SUDEIKIN—READING A PROCLAMATION IN MOSCOW

ON December 28th, Colonel Sudeikin, the Chief of the Third Section, or Secret Police of Russia, was treacherously assassinated at St. Petersburg. He had been invited by a trusted subordinate, who had professed to have deserted from the ranks of Nihilism, to an interview at his house. This man was an ex-artillery officer named Jablovski or Degayeff; and, while pretending to serve the police, was really a dangerous Nihilist. Thus, no sooner had Colonel Sudeikin and his nephew, who accompanied him, entered the house than they were set upon by several conspirators armed with crowbars, Colonel Sudeikin being killed and his nephew dangerously wounded. The criminals all succeeded in making good their escape, and, though one is said to have been arrested last week, Degayeff is still at large. Our sketch represents what is rather a new departure in Russian police annals—namely, the issue of a proclamation offering a large reward for information which might lead to the capture of Degayeff, and embellished with six photographs of the assassin.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE bust of Longfellow, the most popular of American poets, was formally unveiled on Saturday, March 1st, in the presence of the Dean of Westminster, Lord Granville, Mr. J. R. Lowell, the American Minister, and other noteworthy personages. The bust, which is said to be a striking likeness, and a fine work of art, was executed by Mr. Brock, A.R.A. It is of white Carrara marble, and is supported on a bracket of Sicilian marble. The name "Longfellow" is chiselled on the pedestal of the bust. On the bracket is the inscription which was composed by Dean Bradley: "This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet, 1884." On the proper right of the bust are the words, "Born at Portland, U.S.A., February 27, 1807." On the opposite side, "Died at

Cambridge, U.S.A., March 24th, 1882." As our plan will show, the bust is placed in the midst of a Valhalla of poets. The tombs of Dryden and Chaucer are within a distance of two yards on either side. It is only fair to add that the successful inauguration of this interesting *souvenir* is in a large measure due to the energy and perseverance of Dr. W. C. Bennett (himself a poet of no small popularity), Hon. Secretary of the Memorial Fund.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES READE
SEE page 377.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co., London and Brighton.

THE SOUDAN—FRIENDLY NATIVES DOING HOMAGE TO THE SHEIK EL MORGHANI

THIS sketch, by our special artist, Mr. Frederick Villiers, represents the chieftains of friendly tribes doing homage to the Sheik el Morghani at Suakim. This sheik, who is one of the most sacred and influential of modern Mahomedan dignitaries, has been trying his utmost to induce Osman Digma and the other hostile chieftains to abandon the cause of the Mahdi, the "False Prophet," and to rally to the Khedive's flag. Despite, however, the enormous influence with which this sheik is generally credited, his efforts were attended with but little success. The friendly tribes came in, and did all due homage, but Osman Digma and his chieftains treated with scorn the summons to come in and submit, and the former in a letter, of which we published a translation some weeks since, replied by summoning the Sheik el Morghani to meet and confer with him in his stronghold. Even the battles of El Teb and Tamasi appear to have induced few of the really hostile tribes to give in their submission, beyond a few waverers who had been waiting the course of events before deciding with which side they had better throw in their lot. Our artist tells us that hostile and friendly tribes are precisely the same in appearance, both as regards type and costume. "Indeed, the types and dress are exactly like the figures in the old Arabic monuments in the British Museum, only the artist in those days insisted on drawing in an angular way."

"DOROTHY FORSTER"
A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 381.

VOLUNTEERING IN CEYLON

THE Ceylon Light Infantry Volunteers number about 1,600 effective men of all ranks. They comprise various nationalities—Europeans (many of whom have been old soldiers), Malays, Hindoos, and Dutch colonists. On the 9th November last, the birthday of their Honorary Colonel, the Prince of Wales, the Volunteers of Colombo, under the command of Colonel Gorman, started by the earliest train to Kalutara, a seaside town, situated twenty-six miles south of Colombo, for a picnic and a sham fight, which was intended to represent the capture of the small fort of Kalutara. This little fort is now dismantled, and converted into a pleasure-ground, rising in three terraces, with a thatched summer-house on the top. The weather was fine, and the air had been cooled by previous showers. After refreshment, which consisted of bunches of bananas, rice in baskets, and tea and coffee in tin mugs, a body of men was marched into the fort to hold it against all comers. As the "assembly" had already sounded, two stragglers on the bridge were made prisoners, marched in, and deprived of their arms and accoutrements. During the assault the garrison became very excited, failed to conceal themselves, and one of them, peeping over the parapet, received the wadding of a gun in his face, which bled severely. He was attended by the ambulance surgeon. A few rolled down the steep slopes without being hurt, and two elderly men fainted from over-fatigue. As soon as the man previously mentioned had been wounded, the umpires, to prevent farther damage, ordered the "cease firing" to be sounded; and although the Public Works Company had already gained by this time the uppermost terrace of the fort, it was decided by the umpires that the fort was not taken. Altogether the men behaved very well. As it was now late in the afternoon, the Volunteers marched back to tea, and prepared to return to Colombo. Our engravings (which are from drawings by Mr. J. L. K. Van Dort, Colombo) need no special description, but it may be mentioned that the Malays and other Mahometans in Ceylon have a custom of eating out of the same dish along with two or three others, instead of using a separate plate for each person, and that the Hindoos eat out of large leaves, such as those of the lotus and banana.



THE QUEEN AND THE NATION.—The following letter has been forwarded for publication by command of Her Majesty:—" Windsor Castle, April 14, 1884.—I have on several previous occasions given personal expression to my deep sense of the loving sympathy and loyalty of my subjects in all parts of my Empire. I wish, therefore, in my present grievous bereavement, to thank them most warmly for the very gratifying manner in which they have shown, not only their sympathy with me and my dear, so deeply-afflicted daughter-in-law, and my other children, but also their high appreciation of my beloved son's great qualities of head and heart, and the loss he is to the country and to me. The affectionate sympathy of my loyal people, which has never failed me in weal or woe, is very soothing to my heart. Though much shaken and sorely afflicted by the many sorrows and trials which have fallen upon me during these past years, I will not lose courage, and, with the help of Him who has never forsaken me, will strive to labour on for the sake of my children and for the good of the country I love so well, as long as I can. My dear daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who bears her terrible misfortune with the most admirable, touching, and un murmuring resignation to the will of God, is also deeply gratified by the universal sympathy and kind feeling evinced towards her. I would wish, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to all other countries for their sympathy—above all to the neighbouring one, where my beloved son breathed his last, and for the great respect and kindness shown on that mournful occasion.—VICTORIA, R. and I."

MR. BOEHM'S STATUE of Lord Beaconsfield has been placed on its pedestal in Westminster Abbey. It stands between the statues of Sir Robert Peel and Canning. To-day (Saturday) is the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death.

MR. GLADSTONE had a slight relapse at the end of last week through taking too long a walk in the open air. On Tuesday he drove in a close carriage nineteen miles from the Durdans to Holmbury, where he is the guest of Mr. Leveson Gower, M.P. He had a good night's rest, and on Wednesday transacted business with Lord Cranville, who had followed him to Holmbury.

ADDRESSING HIS CONSTITUENTS at Derby, on Wednesday, Sir William Harcourt, in the course of some jocular remarks on Lord Randolph Churchill's relations to the Conservative leaders, said that no party so little able to govern itself is capable of governing a great country. He hinted his belief that the House of Peers would not throw out the Franchise Bill; and, referring to Lord Salisbury's demand for a dissolution, said that people do not dissolve with a majority of 140, and there was much work to be done before Parliament became six years old. He argued strongly against anything like a permanent occupation of Egypt as certain to embark us in a perpetual European quarrel. The Home Secretary wound up a vigorous speech with a description of the manner in which the House of Commons wasted its time, and with an appeal to the community to raise its voice against a system which obstructed useful legislation.

ON WEDNESDAY Lord Salisbury and Sir Richard Cross addressed a crowded meeting of Lancashire Conservatives in the Manchester Free Trade Hall. Lord Salisbury dwelt on the injury done to our industrial interests by the domestic and foreign policy of the Government. Such measures as Mr. Chamberlain's Merchant Shipping Bill depressed that important industry, while his denunciation of land-owners as robbers produced a feeling of insecurity which checked the application of capital to the soil. Hostile tariffs were shutting us out from the markets of civilised countries, and rendering us more and more dependent on those of uncivilised nations. Yet the foreign policy of the Government allows these to be stolen from us, as in the case of the Congo, of Madagascar, and of Central Asia, where the advance of the Russians was depriving Manchester of growing markets. In an elaborate review of events in Egypt Lord Salisbury declined to forecast its ultimate future, but as regarded the near future we must remain its governors. For "Rescue and retire" he would substitute "Govern and restore." Lord Salisbury made no direct reference to the Franchise Bill, the passing of which Sir Richard Cross, who followed him, said, the Conservatives would oppose unless they knew what the redistribution scheme was to be.

THE THREE DAYS' ORATORICAL CAMPAIGN at Birmingham of the two Conservative candidates for its future representation began on Tuesday, when, at a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, Lord Randolph Churchill undertook to prove that "the Radical party is all humbug," as having done nothing for peace and retrenchment, and even in the matter of reform as having allowed minor questions to interfere with the introduction of a Redistribution Bill, which the speaker declared to be "of the essence of Parliamentary Reform." A request that he should expound the policy of the Tory party he declined to comply with, because he was not in the confidence of its leaders, and, indeed, did not enjoy the high honour of their friendship. On Wednesday addressing the Midland Conservative Club, Lord Randolph Churchill dilated on the necessity for Conservative organisation, defended the Monarchy, the House of Lords, and the Church, and proclaimed Social Reform to be the true Conservative cry. Referring to Mr. Gladstone's monition to "trust the people," he said that he was not afraid of democracy, and had voted against the Franchise Bill chiefly because it did not include Redistribution. He did not care about the protection of minorities. With a fair arrangement of constituencies one part of England would correct and balance the other. Colonel Burnaby's speeches were mainly on the subject of Egypt.

ON BEING PRESENTED AT DUNDEE with the freedom of the City Lord Rosebery, referring to his visit to Australia, spoke of the commercial importance of our colonial empire. As an illustration of the maxim that trade follows the flag, he mentioned the fact that though America is very much nearer to Australasia than Great Britain is, yet the trade between Australasia and America is very insignificant, while with Great Britain it is nearly 50,000,000. But for the flag the trade of Australasia would naturally flow to America, and that of America to Australasia.

PRESIDING ON WEDNESDAY at the annual meeting of the North of England Steamship Owners' Association, Mr. C. M. Palmer, M.P., said that there was at present no need for legislation in regard to shipping. Statistics proved that loss of life at sea had been decreasing since 1880; and as, in his opinion, seaworthiness depended on the question of load-line, there ought to be no legislation until the report of the Load-Line Committee had been received. The premature introduction of the Merchant Shipping Bill had produced a most detrimental effect on the already depressed shipping industry.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of Glasgow, appointed to report on the Congo Treaty, disapproves of the control of the mouth of the river bestowed in it on Portugal.

AT A MEETING IN GLASGOW, promoted by the Scottish Farmers' Alliance, a rider condemning private property in land having been added to the resolution passed in favour of compensation for tenants' improvements, Professor Blackie, who has been very active in the movement for the redress of the crofters' grievances, and who had been announced as a speaker, declared that he would take no part in the proceedings of a meeting which approved of Land Nationalisation.—The formal celebration of the tercentenary of the University began on Wednesday with a religious service in St. Giles's Cathedral, which was attended by a number of the distinguished persons who are visiting Edinburgh, among them the Bishop of Durham, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Robert Browning. In the evening there was a University *conversazione* given to eminent strangers and prominent citizens.

ON THE 29TH INST. there will be a closing contest in the Oxford Convocation regarding the proposed statute for admitting women to some of the Honour Examinations of the University. Both sides are making preparations for the final struggle.

THE JUDEN-HETZE seems extending to Ireland. At Limerick, on Tuesday, a mob attacked, according to one account, a house in which some Jewish families were holding a religious service, and, having broken the windows, were only prevented by the arrival of the police from doing further violence.

ACCORDING TO THE OFFICIAL REPORT on the dynamite outrages perpetrated and attempted at the Victoria and other stations, the so-called "Atlas Powder," made up in slabs and then used, consisted of 72.3 per cent. of well-purified nitro-glycerine absorbed in non-nitrated wood-pulp. The strongest dynamite licensed for manufacture in or importation into the United Kingdom contains no more than 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the deaths of the Duke of Buccleuch, of the Bishop of Ripon, and of Mr. H. J. Byron, whose respective portraits we hope to publish next week; of Lady Stracey, wife of Sir Henry J. Stracey, and mother of Lady Sondes and Lady Wodehouse; of General Sir George Buller, Colonel Commandant of the First Rifle Brigade, who, after distinguishing himself in South Africa, commanded a brigade of the Light Division during the Crimean War, and was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, in his seventy-ninth year; of General Sir G. H. Lockwood, Colonel of the Third Hussars, who served with distinction in the Afghan campaign of 1842, and in the Second Sikh War, at the age of eighty; of Mr. Charles Reade, the vigorous novelist, dramatist, and controversialist, in his seventieth year; and of Mrs. Mary Ker, eldest sister of Lord Tennyson, and wife of the Hon. Alan Ker, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Jamaica, in her seventy-fourth year.



THE SPRING EXHIBITION of the City of London Society of Artists and Guildhall Academy of Arts will be opened at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor on May 20.

A CENTENARIAN FAMILY inhabit a village in the Kiyoto district, Japan, none of whose race have failed to attain the age of a hundred since the foundation of the family in 730 A.D.

A "ROBINSON CRUSOE PARASOL" is the latest spring novelty among Transatlantic fashionables. The shape of the original is faithfully copied, and the outside is covered with red and gold grass fringe, while Crusoe's pet goat forms the handle.

AMERICAN WOMEN encroach more and more on masculine professions. After female river captains and tram conductors we now hear of a feminine deputy sheriff—a charming young lady of twenty-three, who takes most enthusiastically to her work, and served numerous warrants immediately on her appointment.

"SWISS GENDARMES READY COOKED, AT SIXTY CENTIMES THE PAIR," is the startling announcement on several of the booths now lining the Paris Boulevards for the annual Hâm fair. These "gendarmes," however, are only a mysterious compound of pork, &c., among the other curious eatables derived from the pig tribe, which are sold on this occasion.

AN INNOVATION IN THE EDUCATION OF EASTERN WOMEN is to be introduced at Constantinople, where a day-school is to be established for instructing girls in useful arts and trades, under the Sultan's especial patronage. The fee will be nominal, as 200 scholars will be admitted on payment of nine shillings a month, another 100 being taught free.

AT AN EVENING SCHOOL FOR ADULTS IN HORNSEY, "The Horse" was given to the pupils as a subject of composition. An agricultural cottager—one of those who will shortly have a vote—set to work with a will, and executed the following:—"The ors is the noblist of anermals and so is the kow. If you hit him he won't do it. The ors has 4 legs 1 in each kornor. Finis."

THE HEAT IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA this year has been abnormal, and one Sunday in particular, not far from Port Augusta, the wild birds flocked to the farmers' houses to find shelter and water, many expiring even after their thirst had been quenched. One little girl spent a day refreshing the wild birds with water from a spoon, larks and magpies flocking round her as tamely as domestic fowls.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT has already caused trouble across the Atlantic. Charges have been brought before the Philadelphia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, asserting that the whiteness of Toung Taloung's forefeet was produced artificially; and that in Liverpool fifty applications of whitening and sizing were used, closing the pores of the skin, and raising sores, which endangered the poor beast's life. Meanwhile the sacred elephant inhabits gorgeous quarters in New York, and has been so carefully shielded from cold that, when he first landed, he wore a remarkable suit of quilted trousers, jacket, and head-covering.

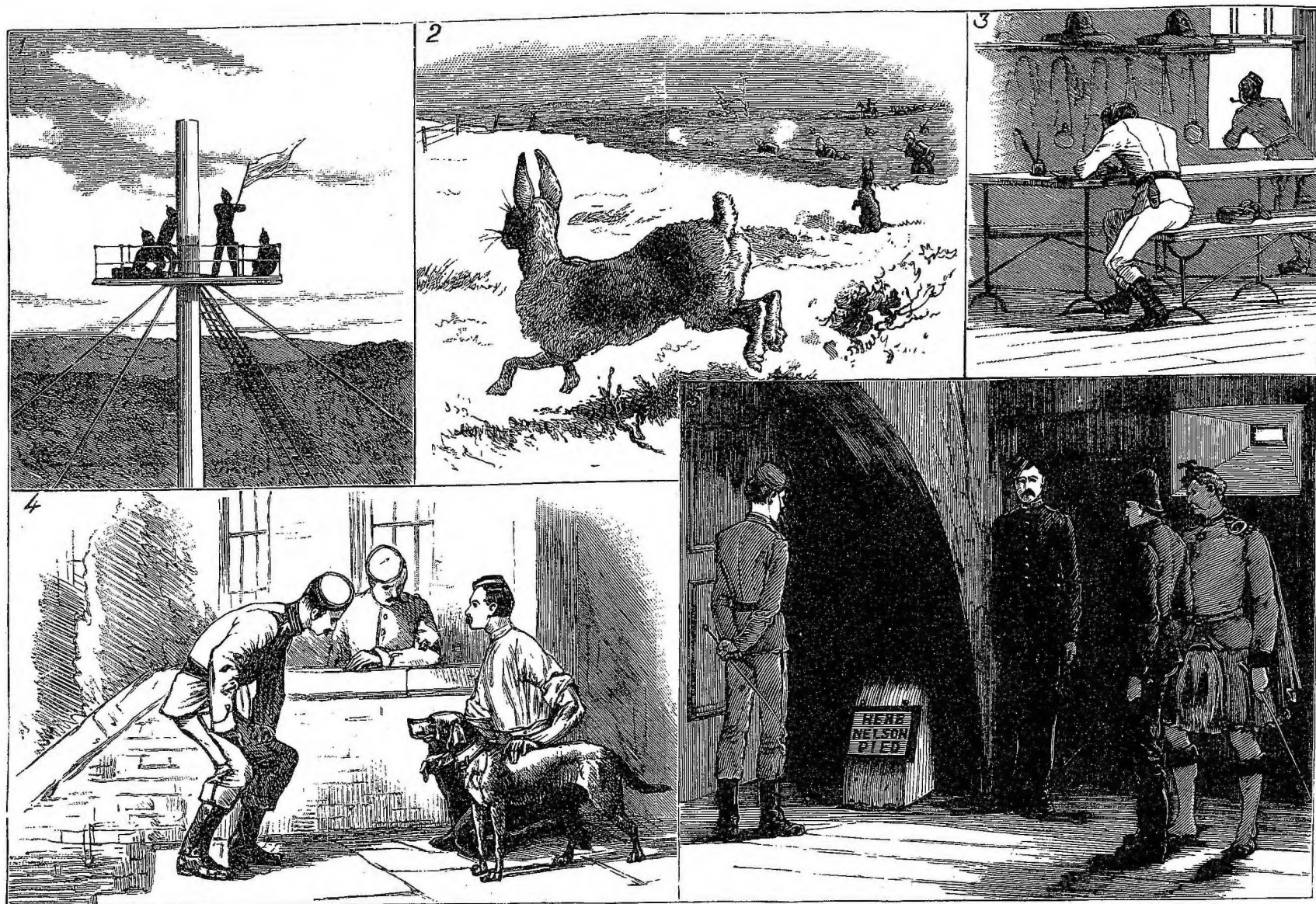
THE IRONY OF FATE is forcibly illustrated by an old letter of General von Moltke, just published in the *Danish Military Gazette*. When he wrote this letter to the King of Denmark in 1821, the famous Prussian General was a Sub-Lieutenant, with little chance of advancement in the reduced Danish army, and he therefore applied for permission to enter the Prussian service, which afforded better prospects. He expressed the hope that the experience gained in the Prussian Army would enable him one day to be useful to Denmark. But after all, his experience of over forty years later brought Denmark defeat from Prussia, and despoiled her of Schleswig-Holstein.

ARTICHOKE FEASTS are among the traditional Lenten festivities in Rome. They are held in the old Jewish Quarter, the Ghetto, where one celebrated eating-house prepares the artichokes "alla Giudea" by stewing them in vinegar with sweet herbs and garlic. Few Romans omit to keep the "Carciofolata"—as the feast is called—singing a special song in chorus during the meal. This year the International Artists' Club went in State to the Ghetto for the "Carciofolata," walking through Rome dressed in curious ancient fancy dress; and, after disposing of 800 artichokes and three casks of wine, they adjourned to the Colosseum to illuminate the ruins with Bengal fires.

THE PARIS SALON is in an unusually forward state this year, and all the pictures will be hung by the end of next week, although the collection does not open till May 1st. Out of over 7,000 works only 2,503 have been accepted, besides 800 drawings, and despairing artists have been crowding the Palais de l'Industrie to fetch away their rejected productions. Accordingly, preparations are being made for the usual "Salon des Refusés," to be held simultaneously. On May 1st also opens the Exhibition of Decorative Art in the Louvre, while a second Decorative Exhibition on a larger scale will take place in the Palais de l'Industrie in August, chiefly devoted to Sevres china and Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry. Talking of Parisian Art collections, the interesting old Cluny Museum is to be considerably enlarged, and the Roman baths roofed in, one new room being devoted to mediæval sculpture.

THE TURIN EXHIBITION, which opens next Saturday, promises to be in a more complete condition than most similar displays on opening days, according to the account given in the *Italian Times*. The buildings are much larger than at first intended, owing to the demand for space, and are well arranged amongst the gardens, fountains, and statuary adorning every available barren site. The imitation mediæval dwellings, entered by a drawbridge over the river, are very realistic with their bright colouring, and among the other picturesque features are a sylvan hunting lodge and an Alpine chalet. During the exhibition there will be musical competitions, horse, dog, cattle, and poultry shows, regattas and bicycle races, a kermesse, and an aristocratic fancy fair, all the stalls to be held by Italian beauties. Talking of Exhibitions, Bombay is after all to have a World's Fair in the cold season of 1885-6, the Government having promised to contribute a fourth of the cost of the erection of the buildings; while Servia proposes an Exhibition for next year.

A CHINESE "WAKE" for the President of the United States was recently held by the Celestial Embassy at Washington, much to the disturbance of their neighbours. The Chinese Minister, Tsao Ju, only understands about seven English words, and depends entirely on a young secretary to interpret for him. One evening lately the interpreter had gone to the theatre, and his Excellency Tsao Ju, stepping into the corridor, saw on a table a printed slip of yellow paper. Now in China a yellow paper signifies the death of some distinguished personage, and as the interpreter was absent, and no one else could read English, the Legation took counsel together and concluded that President Arthur was dead. So they shut up the house and held a Chinese wake in the drawing-room. Here, says the *American Register*, they howled alternately, separately, and in chorus. The Minister howled first in his ordinary blue petticoat, then changed it to a yellow petticoat and howled afresh, beating his breast and tearing at his queue. The police inquired what was the matter; but the negro cook gave a mistaken explanation, and they did not interfere. After five hours of howling, interspersed with tea and fire-crackers, the interpreter came home again, and the unfortunate yellow paper was then discovered to be a gas-bill.

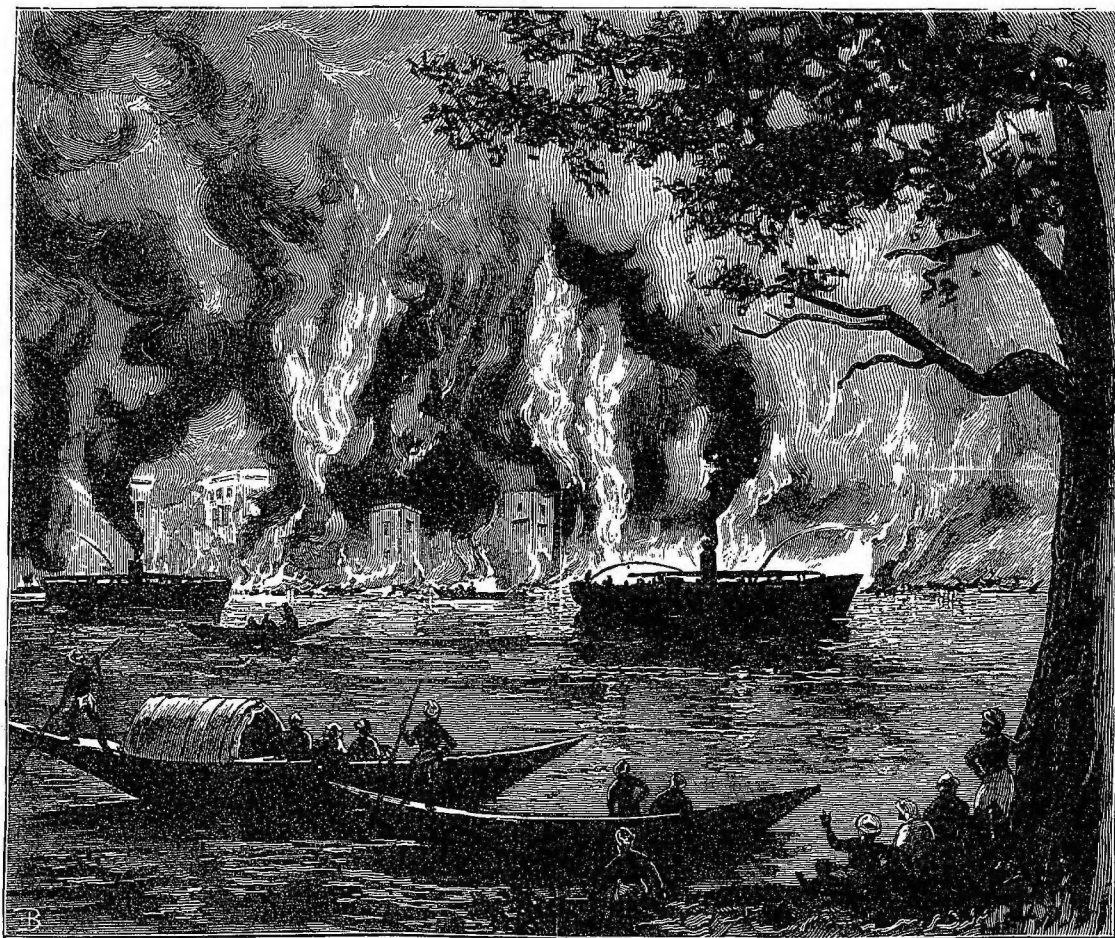


1. Signalling to the front the advance of No. 2 Marching Column on Saturday.—2. Alarm of the Natives.—3. A Letter Home from Eastney Barracks.—4. "Nell," the Pet Dog of the Royal Marine Artillery at Eastney Barracks. She Wears the Egyptian Medal.—5. The Cockpit of the "Victory," Portsmouth Harbour.

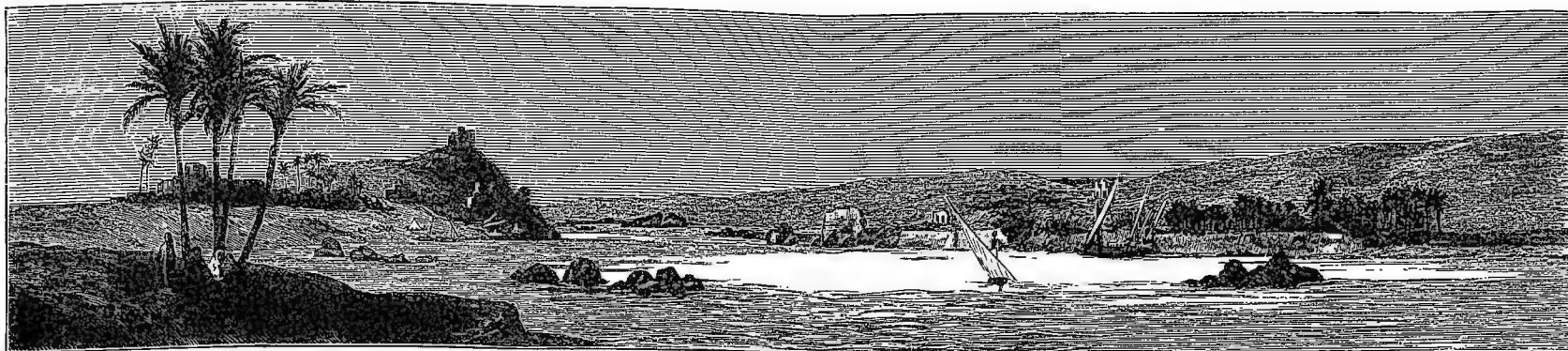
THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH—SOME STRAY NOTES

The Kerosine Burning on the River.

The American Ship "Aurora" (Laden with Kerosine) which First Caught Fire



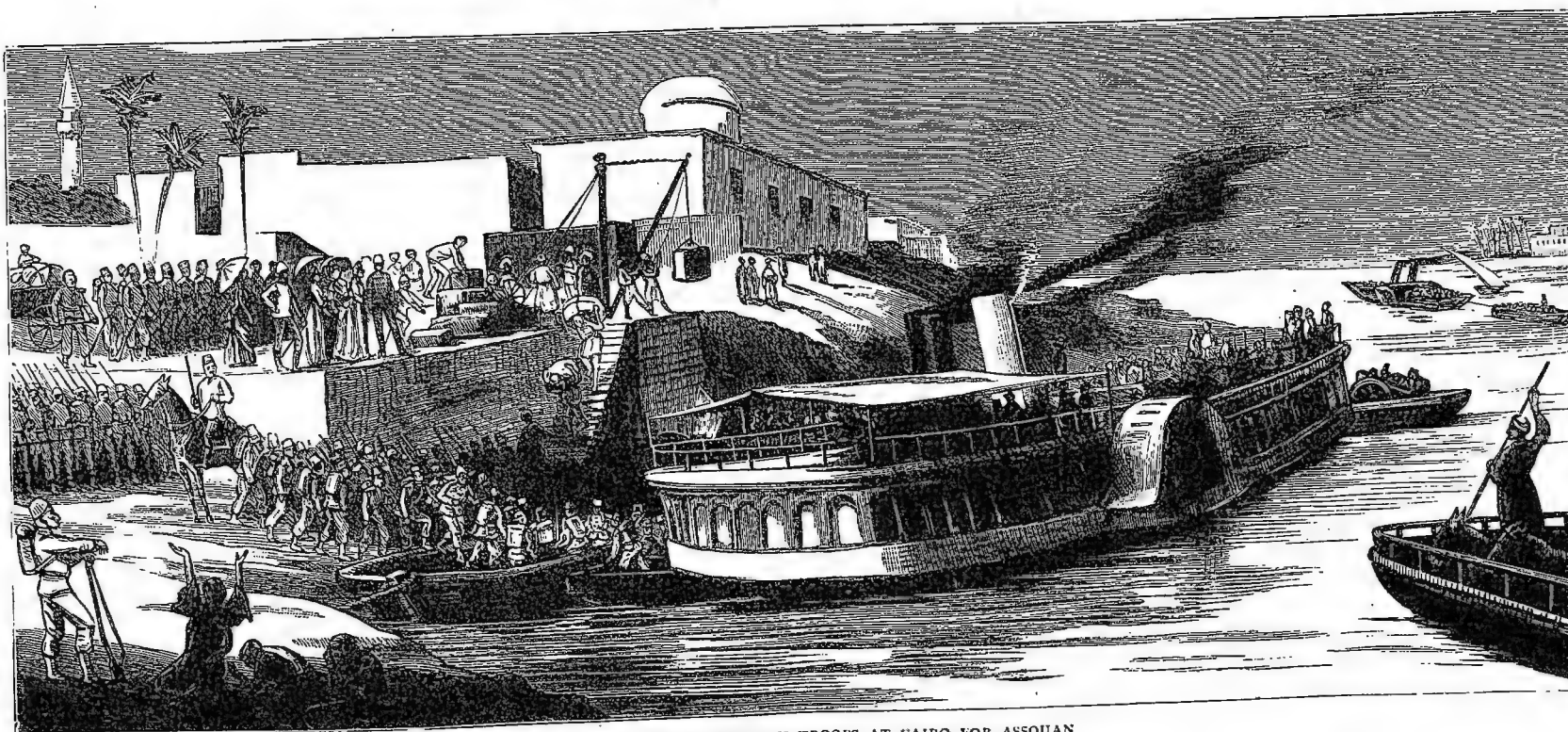
GREAT FIRE ON THE HOOGLHY, NEAR CALCUTTA



ASSOUAN ON THE NILE, NEAR THE BORDERS OF NUBIA, TO BE GARRISONED BY BRITISH AND EGYPTIAN TROOPS



THE HEIGHTS ABOVE ASSOUAN, WITH THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE



EMBARKATION OF EGYPTIAN TROOPS AT CAIRO FOR ASSOUAN

THE NEW FRONTIER BETWEEN EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN



MATTERS IN EGYPT remain in the same unsettled condition. The Ministerial crisis has been tidied over, and Nubar Pasha has assured Sir Evelyn Baring and the world in general that he entertains no ill-feeling whatever towards Mr. Clifford Lloyd. The latter gentleman has been placed in the position of Under-Secretary of the Interior, and all decrees issued by him must be signed by Abd-el-Kader Pasha, his nominal chief. At the same time Nubar has been warned that he must not treat Mr. Lloyd as an Egyptian underling, liable to be dismissed at a moment's notice. Nubar last week suggested that Abd el-Kader should be replaced by Omar Lufti, a thoroughgoing Old Turk, but Sir Evelyn Baring curtly declared such a retrograde step to be impossible. Taken altogether the situation is very severely strained, and there is a very pronounced opinion that it cannot very long remain so without serious complications arising, and that if tranquillity is to be restored we must either hand over Egypt to the Egyptians, or decree a Protectorate and assume the reins of Government ourselves. The military condition of the country remains unchanged. The Egyptian garrison has been sent to Suakim, officered in a great measure by young Englishmen, who appear to be almost wholly ignorant of Arabic, and would be consequently hardly capable of making themselves understood in an emergency.

Gordon is still energetically combatting the rebels in Khartoum. The latest news, dated April 7th, is contained in a telegram to the *Times*, and states that Khartoum was then the centre of an enormous rebel camp. "The rebels' tents are within sight," writes the correspondent, "and their bullets often strike or go over the Palace, in which a man was thus killed last week." On that day had arrived an unciphered telegram from Sir Evelyn Baring announcing that no British troops were to be sent to Berber. Some sharp fighting had previously taken place in the village opposite Khartoum, when the Iashi-Bazouks, as usual, showed the white feather, but were saved in their retreat by a sharp fire of canister and shell from General Gordon in the Palace. No news, with the exception of Sir Evelyn Baring's telegram, had been received from the outside world since March 10th, and it had evidently been expected that British troops were being despatched to the relief of the town. At Cairo Sir Samuel Baker has been strenuously insisting upon the urgent necessity of making immediate preparations for such an expedition, and proposes a scheme for supplying the route through the Korosko desert with water in tanks placed at twenty-five miles distance from each other. The military authorities, on the contrary, favour the route along the river, as in this way the troops can be transported the whole way by boat—excepting, of course, at the Cataracts. In any case, it is not probable that any campaign will be begun before the autumn, and two months' leave has been given to a large number of British officers. Much surprise has been caused by a telegram from General Gordon dated April 7th to Zebehr Pasha, appointing him Assistant-Governor of the Soudan, and ordering him to Berber. Gordon, it is surmised, can have known nothing of the refusal of the British Government to sanction the appointment.

In FRANCE MM. Ferry and Waldeck-Rousseau have been making recent speeches at Cahors and Périgueux. At Cahors, Gambetta's birthplace, M. Ferry unveiled a statue to the late Republican chief-tain, and the occasion was attended with great festivities. Old M. Gambetta was present, and M. Ferry made a most stirring oration. "The love of France," he cried, "was Gambetta's ruling passion. For her he combined in twelve years more activity and eloquence and greater services than there could be contained in a long life, and, therefore, in thus eulogising Gambetta, we are only apotheosizing the country." The statue represents Gambetta wearing the fur-lined overcoat in which he undertook his balloon journey from Paris. He stands beside a cannon, with head erect, and pointing towards a Mobile, who falls wounded, while a sailor prepares to charge with fixed bayonet. From Cahors M. Ferry went to Périgueux, where his reception was not wholly enthusiastic, as the popular feeling was more expressed by the cry *Vive la France* rather than by *Vive la République*. There M. Ferry delivered an important political speech, calling attention to the disorganisation rampant when he came into power, and dwelling upon the fact that during their fifteen months of office the Cabinet had effected numerous valuable reforms, had settled the Tunisian question "in accordance with the European Powers," and the Tonquin problem "from the military point of view." He declared that France must have regard to foreign opinion, and especially "that of the two great Powers, England and Italy;" urged that "Ministerial power ought not to change hands every day, as we want permanence and stability in our Cabinets, and political sequence in their measures;" and with regard to the promised "revision" propositions announced that they would be brought forward in a few weeks, but revision "limited, not unlimited." One of the most curious passages in his speech was a warning against the machinations of the Bonapartists, followed by the declaration that "the Republic must be one of the peasants, or it will not be one at all." The position of the Ferry Government is certainly very strong just at present, and the Premier has shown great and unexpected tact and ability by his policy, both of firmness and of conciliation, which has helped him to unite the various sections of the Republican party in a manner which no other man since Gambetta's death could have done.

PARIS has been enjoying the Easter festivities, although a gloom has been cast over them in some circles by the deaths of three men of note, of M. A. G. Dumas, a celebrated chemist, of M. Haentjens, one of the most promising of the Bonapartist party, and of M. l'entu, the well-known publisher. The funeral of M. Dumas was attended by a large number of literary and scientific celebrities, and several funeral orations were pronounced over his grave, while M. Haentjens was followed to his last home by all the chief Bonapartists, the Princess Mathilde and her two sons being present at the church, and the Empress Eugénie being represented by the Comte de Bassano. Another obituary ceremony, though of a different nature, has taken place in the Collège de France, where the medallions of Professor Mickiewicz, Michelet, and Quinet, who were dismissed after the *Coup d'Etat*, were unveiled by M. Rénan, who delivered a splendid address. Much relief and satisfaction has been expressed at the news of the ultimate capture of Honghoa. It appears that on April 9th the French bombarded the villages in front of the town, as well as the fortress. The enemy offered no resistance, but evacuated Honghoa, after setting fire to the houses, and retreated in various directions. The Chinese garrison is stated to have been composed of Yunnan troops, under the command of General Chang.

The continued success of the French in Tonquin, and the very feeble resistance which is being offered by the Chinese troops, has excited serious apprehension in the Chinese Court, where the Empress Regent, with a sudden burst of energy, has publicly degraded Prince Kung, who, since the Elgin Treaty, has practically conducted the affairs of the Empire; has similarly punished four of his colleagues in the Privy Council; has summoned the Governor of Yunnan to Peking for "severe punishment;" is

inquiring into the conduct of the Viceroy of Canton; has ordered the officers who abandoned Bac Ninh to be decapitated; and has appointed Prince Ch'un, the father of the reigning Emperor (who was the late Emperor's nephew) to take charge of affairs until the Emperor attains his majority. According to one statement, a general levy of men for the Chinese army has been ordered, and there is little doubt that the Empress' little *coup d'etat* means a reversal of the peace policy with which Prince Kung has so identified himself. That unfortunate statesman is accused of accepting bribes, of opposing the Chinese Government, and of aiming at the supreme power. Some further complication with regard to the Tonquin Expedition may now be expected, but whether the Empress, with all her hatred of foreigners and their invading tendency, will interfere with accomplished facts, remains to be seen.

In the UNITED STATES the arrest of the dynamiters in England has been freely commented upon, and the English Press is being taken to task, in the words of the *New York Times*, "for talking in a very silly way about the connexion of the United States with those plotters. There is not the slightest evidence as yet that the plot of Egan and Daley was hatched or known on this side of the ocean." The *New York Tribune* also tells us that the "London Press needs to be cautioned against premature displays of vigour." In the same telegram, however, we are told that "Mr. Patrick Ford's Emergency Fund now reached over 1,800." The Pennsylvania Republican Convention has nominated Mr. Blaine as their candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. Lincoln for the Vice-Presidency, in the coming election.

In INDIA much apprehension is being felt with regard to the continued drought and great heat in Bengal and Behar, for, except two or three light and local showers, there has been no rain in those districts since Christmas. Thus in Behar the indigo crop is being burnt up, and at Simla the water supply has fallen so short that work on the new Government Offices has been suspended, and 5,000 workmen have been sent to their homes.—The notorious Black Hole of Calcutta, which was recently discovered and excavated, has now been filled up, and the spot is to be marked by a handsome tablet of white marble.—The Russian annexation of Merv is still exciting considerable comment, and much satisfaction is expressed that the Government has definitely arranged to construct the Quetta railway without further delay.

In SOUTH AFRICA some trouble has been caused by Cetewayo's brothers, who, despite a promise to the contrary, have removed his remains to Inkandhla, a few miles from the Natal frontier, where an armed force of Ubutus have been assembled. The reason of this is thought to be essentially political, and to be connected with armed operations to be conducted against the northern chiefs.

In AUSTRIA, the Crown Prince and Princess have started on their tour to the East. They were expected at Constantinople on Thursday, and are to be entertained with great festivities. Thence they will go to Broussa.—In GERMANY Emperor William is now convalescent, and on Monday showed himself for the first time at his favourite window at the Palace, being heartily cheered by the crowd beneath. Prince Bismarck's proposal to resign his position in the Prussian Cabinet is still under consideration.—In RUSSIA the Nihilists are still energetically pursuing their propaganda, and the authorities continue to make numerous arrests. With regard to the occupation of Merv, it is now clear that some resistance was offered, as General Komarow, in an official despatch, admits that fighting took place before the fort of Cashat Kaukala was captured. Some alarming statistics of the rate of mortality in Russia have been published. These show the average duration of life to be twenty-six years. The mortality amongst children averages 60 per cent. The cause is attributed to the paucity of doctors and the unsanitary habits of the population.—In ITALY the probability of the Pope leaving Rome is now denied, as well as the rumour that Germany had recommended him to go to Jerusalem. A new Papal Encyclical is shortly to be issued, which violently denounces Freemasonry, as it "aims at the ruin of the throne, the altar, and of the public welfare." . . . "The Masons flatter princes," he continues, "because they require them to triumph over the Church." . . . The Freemasons dupe the people, and excite them against Church and State. The Church defends the throne, and teaches the duty of obedience.—In SPAIN King Alfonso has been ill in bed with a cold, but is better. The Government has energetically contradicted the exaggerated reports of the American Press with regard to General Agüero's filibustering expedition in Cuba. The rebels were defeated and pursued. They did not obtain much assistance, even from coloured people, and burnt no plantations.—In EASTERN ROUMELIA the election of a new Governor-General for the next five years is being widely discussed. Russia strongly objects to the re-election of Aleko Pasha, who is also opposed by other Ambassadors at Constantinople. There is a strong movement on foot for the union of Eastern Roumelia with Bulgaria.—In TURKEY the Greek Patriarch has resigned, as the two Ecumenical Councils have disapproved his oration in consenting to the compromise offered by the Porte, by which the privileges of the Greek Church have been curtailed. The Bishop of Ephesus is taking the duties *pro tem*.



THE QUEEN has left England for Germany. Before quitting Windsor Her Majesty was joined at the Castle by the Princess Louise, and on Good Friday the Queen, with the Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice, and Prince Christian attended a special Service in the Albert Memorial Chapel, above the Royal vault containing the Duke of Albany's remains. Her Majesty, with the Princesses Christian and Beatrice, spent Saturday with the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, and on Sunday morning attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Windsor officiated; while in the afternoon the Queen gave audiences to Earl Granville and Sir R. Merier, the British Minister at Madrid. Monday was the Princess Beatrice's twenty-seventh birthday; but all the customary rejoicings were omitted, owing to the recent bereavement, although Prince Christian, with his sister and son, visited Her Majesty and the Princess, while Princess Christian joined them at lunch. Princess Louise left the Castle in the afternoon, when the Queen held a Council, attended by Lords Carlingford and Sydney and Sir H. Ponsonby, and also gave audience to Lord Carlingford. On Tuesday Princess Christian lunched with Her Majesty; and in the evening the Queen and Princess Beatrice started for Port Victoria, Sheerness, where they embarked on board the *Osborne* and spent the night lying in the harbour. The *Osborne* left on Wednesday morning, escorted by the *Alberta*, *Galatea*, and *Enchantress*, and reached Flushing in the evening, the Queen and Princess starting thence immediately for Darmstadt, where they were expected on Thursday morning. The strictest privacy was preserved everywhere during the Royal journey, although Her Majesty did not travel *incognito*, but as "the Queen." Her Majesty and the Princess stay at the Grand Duke of Hesse's Palace, and will be present at the wedding of Princess Victoria and Prince Louis of Battenberg on the 30th inst., returning to England pro-

bably about May 3rd or 7th. The marriage ceremony will take place in the Palace Chapel, and will be followed by a grand banquet in the Imperial Hall. Most of the intended festivities, however, have been countermanded, owing to the Court mourning, and the bride and bridegroom will only enjoy a brief honeymoon, as they are expected at their English home Sennicotts, Portsmouth, during the second week in May. Probably during the Queen's stay she will spend a few days at the Grand Duke's country seat, Kranichstein.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are at Sandringham with Prince Albert Victor and the young Princesses. They remained in town for Good Friday, when they attended Divine Service, and left on Saturday for Sandringham. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. They leave town next week for Darmstadt, to attend the Royal wedding. The Prince of Wales will not open the Health Exhibition on May 8th, but the Duke of Cambridge will act on his behalf.—Prince George was expected at Antigua in the *Canada* yesterday (Friday).

The Duke of Edinburgh will return home with the Channel Squadron early next month. He arrived at Malta on Monday from the Piræus, and at once landed on a visit to the Governor. After the Duchess's confinement the Duke and Duchess will go on the Continent for a short time.—The Duchess of Albany continues well in health.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Meerut for Bareilly at the end of last month. During the Queen's absence their children remain at Windsor.



THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER communicates through the Press the success of his scheme for the purchase of a large public-house in one of the worst quarters of Westminster, in order to erect on its site a building suited to the wants of a crowded and indigent district. The public-house is to be replaced by a Home and Club for Working Boys.

THE MEMORIAL TOMB to DEAN STANLEY in Westminster Abbey, the figure by Mr. Boehm, the tomb from the designs of Mr. Pearson, R.A., has been completed, and can be seen by the visitors to the side chapel, containing the altar-stone, of Henry VII.'s Chapel. The figure is recumbent, and represents the Dean in his surplice and stole.

THE CHAPLAINCY OF GRAY'S INN has become vacant under very melancholy circumstances. On Friday last week the late Chaplain, the Rev. Alexander Taylor, committed suicide by cutting his throat. The act was entirely motiveless, and was the result of long-continued nervous depression, much of which was due to sleeplessness. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide, committed when the deceased was of unsound mind. Mr. Taylor had edited the works of his famous namesake, the Bishop of Down and Connor, had long been a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, and occasionally to *The Graphic*.

THE VICAR PRESIDED at the Vestry Meeting at Hatfield this week for the election of churchwardens, and the proceedings were stormy; his alleged Ritualistic practices being vehemently denounced. The anti-Ritualistic candidate for the office of the people's churchwarden was re-elected by an overwhelming majority.

AT THE NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE held on Tuesday in Kentish Town of representatives of Churches in the South of England associated for Evangelistic co-operation, a successful twelvemonth of work, a larger amount of contributions than in any previous year, and a substantial increase of membership were reported.

THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY, who has just returned from Stanley Pool, after labouring there for five years as a Baptist Missionary, strongly objects to the Congo Treaty, because, among other reasons the Portuguese tariff is certain greatly to increase the cost of the Baptist mission. It has to barter and pay for transport in goods, which are thus the principal items of its expenditure, and upon which no duties have hitherto been levied. Mr. Bentley computes that the Portuguese import duties will entail on the Baptist Missionary Society an extra expenditure of from 2,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* a year.

THE OLD TOTHILL FIELDS PRISON is being demolished, and the new Roman Catholic Cathedral is to be erected on its site.



THE OPERA.—The prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera was issued on Wednesday, but the chief details have already been announced. It will, therefore, suffice to say that the principal artists are Mesdames Patti, Lucca, Albani, Sembrich, Fursch-Madi, Scacchi, and Tremelli, and that the novelties promised are Italian versions of *Colomba* and *Sigurd*. *Aida* for Madame Patti, and *Le Roi de Lahore* are likewise announced. Madame Valleria and Mr. Maas have not been reengaged, but Madame Helen Crossmond, Mdles. Griswold and Laterna are added to the list of sopranos, M. Jourdain to the tenors, and Messrs. Gottschalk and Arthur Rousbey to the baritones. The season will begin on the 29th instant, and will probably end on July 19th.—The Carl Rosa season opened at Drury Lane on Monday, when Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was performed before a holiday audience of about 2,500 people. That this opera, weighted as it is by the insensate libretto of the poet Bunn, should have maintained its popularity for upwards of forty years, affords evidence of the taste of the masses for simple melody. Madame Burns and Mr. Maas were excellent respectively as Arline and Thaddeus, and Mr. Ludwig was an imposing representative of the lugubrious Count.—On Tuesday *Carmen* was performed with a new *mise en scène* by Mr. Augustus Harris, the picturesque scene of the bull-fight in the last act especially, being a good specimen of what operatic stage management ought to be. Indeed the whole performance was far superior to the average usually attained at more pretentious opera houses. Madame Marie Roze, to whom French music is almost as second nature, has elaborated the title character, which, although it differs somewhat from the idea formed of this part by other *prima donne*, is artistic and faithful in conception, and is complete in every detail. Mr. McGuckin, too, is one of the best exponents of the part of Don José our stage can boast, and indeed the entire performance, which was conducted by Mr. Randegger, was notable for a general standard of excellence rarely attained in this country.—On Wednesday night Vincent Wallace's *Maritana* was played, with Madame Georgina Burns as Maritana and Mr. Maas as Don Cesar.—To direct Thursday's performance of *Colomba* Mr. A. C. Mackenzie expressly returned from Florence to London. Madame Marie Roze was announced to play the character of the heroine, and Mr. Barrington Foote was selected for the brigand Savelli, the rest of the cast

being identical with that of last year.—Next Tuesday the revised version of Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* will be produced.—A special honour is about to be conferred upon Dr. Villiers Stanford, in having two new grand operas produced within seven days. On Friday of this week his *Savonarola* will be performed for the first time on any stage at Hamburg, and next Thursday (24th) Mr. Carl Rosa will produce *The Canterbury Pilgrims* at Drury Lane.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The twenty-eighth season of the Saturday concerts will end to-day, the following week's concert being as usual for the benefit of Mr. Manns. The concert last Saturday offered few points for comment. Miss Amina Goodwin, a young English lady who studied at the Paris Conservatoire, and afterwards took finishing lessons under Liszt, played the Concerto in D of Mendelssohn with more mechanical accuracy than artistic feeling. Rubinstein's "Danse des Cosaques" and Liszt's "Consolation" were far more within her powers and style. Mr. Winch sang the prayer from *Rienzi*, and Miss Hilda Coward, a pupil of Madame Santion, likewise appeared. The programme opened with Beethoven's Second Symphony, and closed with some of the incidental music written by Sir Arthur Sullivan for the Gaiety revival of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ten years ago.—On Wednesday next the London contingent of the Handel Festival Choir, with an orchestra of 250, and Mesdames Albani and Patey and Mr. Santley—in all about 2,500 executants—will appear on the Handel orchestra on the opening of the London International Exhibition. For this occasion Sir G. A. Macfarren has composed a *Te Deum* in honour of St. George's Day.

"THE BEGGAR STUDENT."—Although the Easter production at the Alhambra is described as an English adaptation of Millöcker's celebrated opera, *Der Bettel Student*, the work is presented in very different fashion to that intended by the Viennese composer. About a fifth of the music, comprising a couple of elaborate ballets by M. Jacobi, a "topical" song, some additions to the first finale (now at the end of the second act), and a graceful "Pastorale" from one of Boccherini's quintets, is altogether foreign to the opera. The principal part, written for a tenor, and so played both in Germany and in the United States, has been transposed and altered to adapt it to the voice of Miss Fanny Leslie. Lastly, whilst the opera itself was written for a far smaller stage, most of the six-part choruses are, doubtless owing to the diffidence of the Alhambra choristers, sung chiefly in unison. Herr Millöcker seems to possess the gift of melody, but his music is devoid of the sparkle which characterises the French school of *opéra bouffe*, and if the composer's genuine score were used at the Alhambra, his orchestration, when not obscured by the din of a military band on the stage in addition to the ordinary orchestra, is but little distinguished for either refinement on the one hand, or variety on the other. Mr. Beatty Kingston, the adaptor of a story, the central idea of which has been borrowed from *The Lady of Lyons*, has done his work well, but the Alhambra production is manifestly intended to please the eye rather than the ear. Ballets (danced by girls with prepossessing faces and scanty skirts), picturesque groupings, and artistically arranged contrasts of colour, are far more in accordance with the tastes of those audiences than graceful music and scholarly or witty dialogue.

HOLIDAY CONCERTS.—Several sacred concerts were given on Good Friday in various parts of London. At St. James's Hall "gems from the Oratorios" were sung by the South London Choir, assisted by Miss and Mr. Santley, Madame Patey, and Mr. Lloyd. The Moore and Burgess Minstrels, whose fine choir of male voices had been specially rehearsed for the occasion by Mr. John Hobson, gave two sacred concerts, in the programme of which was a new *Dirge* for Prince Leopold.—At the Crystal Palace Mr. Sims Reeves, though still somewhat hoarse, made his first appearance in London since January.—*Messiah* was given at the Albert Hall, with Madame Albani, and attracted a holiday audience of over 7,000 people.—*Messiah* was also given at the Foresters' Hall to a working class audience, under Mr. W. H. Thomas.—A sacred concert was likewise given at Kensington, with Misses Leighton and A. Ehrenberg as chief artists.—On Easter Monday there was a holiday concert at the Crystal Palace, and a special afternoon concert at the Albert Hall, in which Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, Miss Mary Davies, and Madame Sterling took part. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "My Pretty Jane," and with Mr. Santley in Braham's duet, "All's Well," but, owing to hoarseness, he was unable to complete his portion of the programme.

WAIFS.—Sir Michael Costa has, we regret to hear, suffered another stroke of paralysis.—Anton Dvorák, in addition to his work for the Worcester and Birmingham Festivals, has undertaken to compose a new oratorio for the Leeds Festival of 1886.—The composer, Friedrich Gernsheim, will be in Paris next month, and it is not improbable he may visit England.—Signor Verdi has, it is stated, requested the celebrated painter, Signor Morelli, to design the costumes for his yet forthcoming new opera, *Iago*, the libretto of which is by Signor Boito.—Madame Alwina Valleria is expected in England from New York towards the end of the week.—The statement which emanated from New York that Madame Piccolomini is in reduced circumstances is denied.—The *Opéra Populaire*, Paris, has closed its doors owing to a strike of the orchestra.—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt will leave town this week to remain at Malvern during the summer.—Upwards of 130,000 people paid for seats during last year's season of the Park Band Society.—A biography of Mario, from materials left by the great tenor, is about to be published in Italian at Bologna. It will shortly afterwards be issued in English.



THE TURF.—The rain, unaccompanied with strong wind, which has come beneficially to our gardens and fields, has also been welcome on race-courses, laying obnoxious dust, and making the going excellent for horses, which during the present week have been hard at work in almost every district of England, giving opportunities to foolish punters to lose their money, to owners to win stakes, and to holiday-makers in general to enjoy the national pastime. Though the flat-racing season commenced last month at Lincoln with considerable *clat*, the Craven Meeting at Newmarket has of course been the most important of the many which have been held in various parts of the country during the present holiday week, and two or three really interesting events were witnessed. For instance, on the first-day the Biennial, which has seen many first-rate animals at the post, and been traditionally fraught with surprises, though on Tuesday last only five starters came to the post, produced some excitement, as the comparatively dark Wickham, who has been much fancied for the Derby, was brought out to oppose Royal Fern. He was made favourite, but Royal Fern disposed of him easily enough, and, as he showed good form in the Middle Park Plate, is not unlikely to take a very prominent part in some of the classic events of the present season. On Wednesday, in the Bretby Plate, Lovely was beaten by Splendor, both carrying 8 st. 12 lbs.; and on the same day considerable interest was felt in the Crawford Plate, for which twenty-one animals

came to the post, with Geheimniss, the top-weight, favourite at 5 to 2. Her second was a good performance, though she was easily beaten by The Prince, who has been one of the most disappointing horses in training. He started at the remunerative price of 20 to 1, but we should imagine that little money was won on him, as his followers by this time must have been well-nigh broken. It may be noted that at Manchester, in the Great Lancashire Steeplechase, one of the outsiders, Mr. T. Cannon's Saville, turned up as the winner, beating Jolly Sir John, May Boy, Zoedone—last year's Grand National winner—and four others.—The stallion Barcheldine, whose connection with the English Turf was a sensational one, has been subjected to a process of taming by a German-American "Rarey," and is now said to be as tractable as a pet pony.—A well-known Turf character, in the person of Mr. Williamson ("Billy"), has passed away. His father, Sir Hedworth Williamson, won the Derby with Ditto in 1803, and with Pan in 1808. He was the first to recognise a great future in store for the famous Voltigeur, and fairly worried, as he said, Earl Zetland into buying him.—It is satisfactory to find that first-class animals such as St. Blaise, Lowland Chief, and Thebais, though fully handicapped up to the form they have shown, are the chief favourites for the approaching City and Suburban. The Adelaide filly (why is she still without a distinctive name?) keeps her place at the top of the poll in the Derby markets, though 10 to 1 may still be had about her. Perhaps in no previous year has there been so little speculation on the Blue Ribbon.

CRICKET.—The season has opened, but hardly in cricketing weather, with several colts' matches. At Nottingham the aspirants showed some fair form, but the Twenty-two were really no match for the Eleven. The same remark applies to the Derbyshire Colts, and to those of Gloucestershire. In the game against the latter Mr. W. G. Grace opened the season with an innings of 111.—We shall have a lively season all round, the advent of the Australians and Philadelphians being a special feature. Most of the old hands well known to the lovers of the game will be to the fore in the County and other crack clubs, and there will be a fair show of fresh blood.—The death of the Hon. "Bob" Grimston, a most familiar and popular personage in the cricket-field, is a source of universal regret.

RACQUETS.—The annual four-handed racquet match between the two Universities was decided in favour of Cambridge by four games to three; as was also the single-handed by three games out of five. Of the twenty-eight double matches played Cambridge has won 15 and Oxford 13.

FOOTBALL.—The season dies hard; but the last of the international matches has now been played, resulting in the defeat of Ireland by Wales, at Cardiff, in a Rugby game.—In the Glasgow Charity Cup contest Queen's Park has beaten the Glasgow Rangers; and in that for the Mayor of Birmingham's Charity Cup the Walsall Swifts and the Wednesbury Old Athletics have played a drawn game.

BICYCLING.—One is apt to get into a little confusion about Bicycling Championships, there seem so many of them, and so often contested. Leicester, which is one of the head-quarters of the sport, has witnessed three, just decided: Battensby, of Leicester, won the Fifty Miles, with James, of Birmingham, second, and Terront, of Paris, third; the Twenty Miles fell to Howell, of Coventry, with Duncan, of West Drayton, second, and Lees, of Sheffield, third; and the winner also took the Ten Miles Championship.—The ride of a lady and gentleman a few days ago on a "sociable" tricycle from London to Bristol, 120 miles, in twenty-three hours, including four-and-a-half hours' rest, was a capital performance, and beat all previous records. It is evident that this double riding is becoming very popular.

COACHING.—The "Butterfly" season began on Easter Monday, several coaches starting from the White Horse Cellars, which famous hostelry will present a really splendid appearance when its rebuilding is completed, though many "old stagers" will miss its old familiar look.

"THE QUESTION OF THE DAY"

THE House of Commons meets again on Monday with the consciousness that one-third of its Sessional life has already sped. If anything is to be done this year within the ordinary limits of a Session, it will be necessary to begin and do it forthwith. The measure of accomplishment up to Easter is easily reckoned up. The ordinary Voting of Supply has been got through; the Government of London Bill has passed the formal stage of a first reading; the Franchise Bill, which no one but Mr. James Lowther directly opposed, has been read a second time; and a Cattle Plague Bill, which has friends on both sides of the House, has passed the same stage. This is not much to show for nine weeks' hard labour, and it is a significant fact that it was only within the last few hours, under the immediate pressure of the holidays, that actual movement was effected. It was on Tuesday morning in Passion Week that the Franchise Bill was read a second time; and it was on the afternoon of the same day, after an anxious interval, during which dramatic discovery of the delinquencies of Mr. Dodd threatened to occupy the whole of the sitting, that the Home Secretary was able to explain his Bill.

I have heard a Cabinet Minister privately express the opinion that this is, after all, not so bad, that it was even as much as the Government could fairly expect. This is a remark which savours of the contentment of despair. The moderate satisfaction of the Government, if it really exists, is not shared by the public. They are not without concern for the fate of the Franchise Bill, and the progress of events in Egypt is earnestly watched. But there can be little doubt that at the present time the condition of the House of Commons itself is the question of the day. The English, though not a nation of shopkeepers, are emphatically a business people, and the spectacle of an assembly of conspicuous talent and ability meeting night after night, and almost as frequently separating without having done any work, is calculated to breed something like contempt. The first and commonest impulse is directed towards reprobation of the parties and the persons who deliberately set themselves to obstruct the course of public business. There follows a natural and inevitable disposition to carry the blame further. Here is a Government, numbering in its ranks men of supreme ability, and forming in the aggregate what is perhaps the strongest Ministry of modern times. It has at its back a majority not only numerically irresistible, but singularly well-disciplined. There has been no such docile Liberal majority since Lord Palmerston dozed through the peaceful hours on the Treasury Bench, waking up now and then to enliven a dull conversation with genial jest. Profiting by the experience of the Parliament in 1868, Mr. Gladstone, when he returned to power in 1880, shrewdly tapped all streams of possible mutiny. As events have shown, he did not leave below the Gangway a single politician capable of forming a Cave in critical times. The Tea Room, twelve years ago the scene of successive cabals each more threatening than the last, has become a commonplace resort, where elderly conspirators like Mr. Rylands brood over the delights of former days, which Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry James, Mr. Fawcett, Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Courtney, each occupied with the cares of his Department, have not time to visit, and where only Sir Charles Dilke, whose methodical habits give him time for everything, is still to be seen at the accustomed hour. United against attacks from without, and undisturbed by conspiracies within, with a divided Opposition and a

popular cause, the Government cannot wonder that there should be a growing tendency to fix directly upon them the responsibility and the blame of a state of affairs which no one denies to be a public scandal and a national disaster.

In one sense this charge is unjust. It cannot be too clearly or widely known that with the existing instruments at their command the Government can do absolutely nothing more than they have hitherto accomplished—which consists chiefly of sitting helpless and angry whilst the House of Commons wrangles and does everything but its appointed work. This is a humiliating confession to make with the recollection of the Winter Session little more than a year old exclusively devoted to a revision of the Rules. As far as improvement of the condition of the House is concerned, the October-November Session of 1882 was almost entirely useless. But it will have supreme value in time to come as showing the House of Commons when next it takes up the work of reforming its constitution, a task that cannot be long postponed, the worse than folly of timid tinkering at the rusty fabric. Every one will remember the passionate protestations made against the proposed introduction of the *Clôture*. The Conservatives bewailed the extinction of the rights of minorities, and through blinding tears their prophetic eyes beheld themselves delivered over hand and foot to the mercies of a tyrannical Minister. Every one also knows what has since happened. The famous First Rule has not only never been put into operation, but there has never been a time when a factious minority were hampered by the apprehension that it would be. It has so absolutely fallen into neglect that it is safe to assert there are not twenty men in the House of Commons who could, off-hand, explain how its intricate machinery would work. The other day I read in an influential and well-informed journal that "large as the majority in favour of the Franchise Bill was it would not have sufficed to give effect to the Closure Resolution, which would have required two-thirds, or 366 out of the 550 members then present, to stop the debate!" So little is known even in ordinarily well-informed circles of the fundamental principle of this Rule, whose constant usage was to overshadow everything and dominate the House of Commons to the will of the Minister.

The fatal blot upon the Closure Rule which, whilst it remains, will always make it inoperative, is that the initiative is left with the Speaker. According to the ruling principle of the Constitution He, Majesty's Ministers are responsible for everything in the Government of the Empire. They can make war without consulting Parliament, and from the Treasury Bench they can initiate legislation and move Resolutions affecting taxation, or in other ways nearly touching the people. But no Minister is allowed to get up in his place, express the opinion that a particular discussion has occupied sufficient time to cover all useful purposes, and ask the House to decide by a vote whether that is so or not. This would seem incredible if it came to our knowledge as part of the Rules of Debate in the Parliament of Lilliput. It is a simple matter of fact in our own House of Commons, and so far from exciting derision or indignant comment the strongest Government of modern times dared not, when they had the opportunity, submit a counter-proposition.

What has happened in respect of the Closure Rule as finally framed is exactly what was then forecast. The responsibility of putting the Rule in motion resting with the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees assisted by a nebulous and disputable guide styled "the evident sense of the House," these gentlemen have very naturally shrank from voluntarily bringing a hornet's nest around the Chair. No one can say there have not been times when "the evident sense of the House," unless it was curiously opposed to the evident sense of the country, declared itself in favour of closing a debate. Not to go further back than last month, there was an occasion when six or seven Irish Members kept the House sitting till the dawn of Sunday morning dimmed the gaslights. Since the Closure Rule was not put in operation then, it is not presumptuous to assume that it will, in its present form, ever remain a dead letter. I chiefly refer to the working of this Rule because it is the one which seized upon the popular imagination, and its general bearings are most widely known. But of the dozen new Rules that were the fruit of the laborious Winter Session of 1882 it would be easy to show, by practical illustration, how they have failed by reason of the spirit of timid compromise in which they were framed. The sooner the failure of this well-meant but successfully baffled attempt to rehabilitate the House of Commons is confessed the sooner the House will get to work again in a bolder and more practical spirit. In the mean time all discussion and lamentation over the present condition of the House, and the consequent block of public business, are waste of words. The net result is deplorable, and as some people say, shameful. But it should be understood that with the existing tools it is the best the Ministry and the majority can do.

HENRY W. LUCY

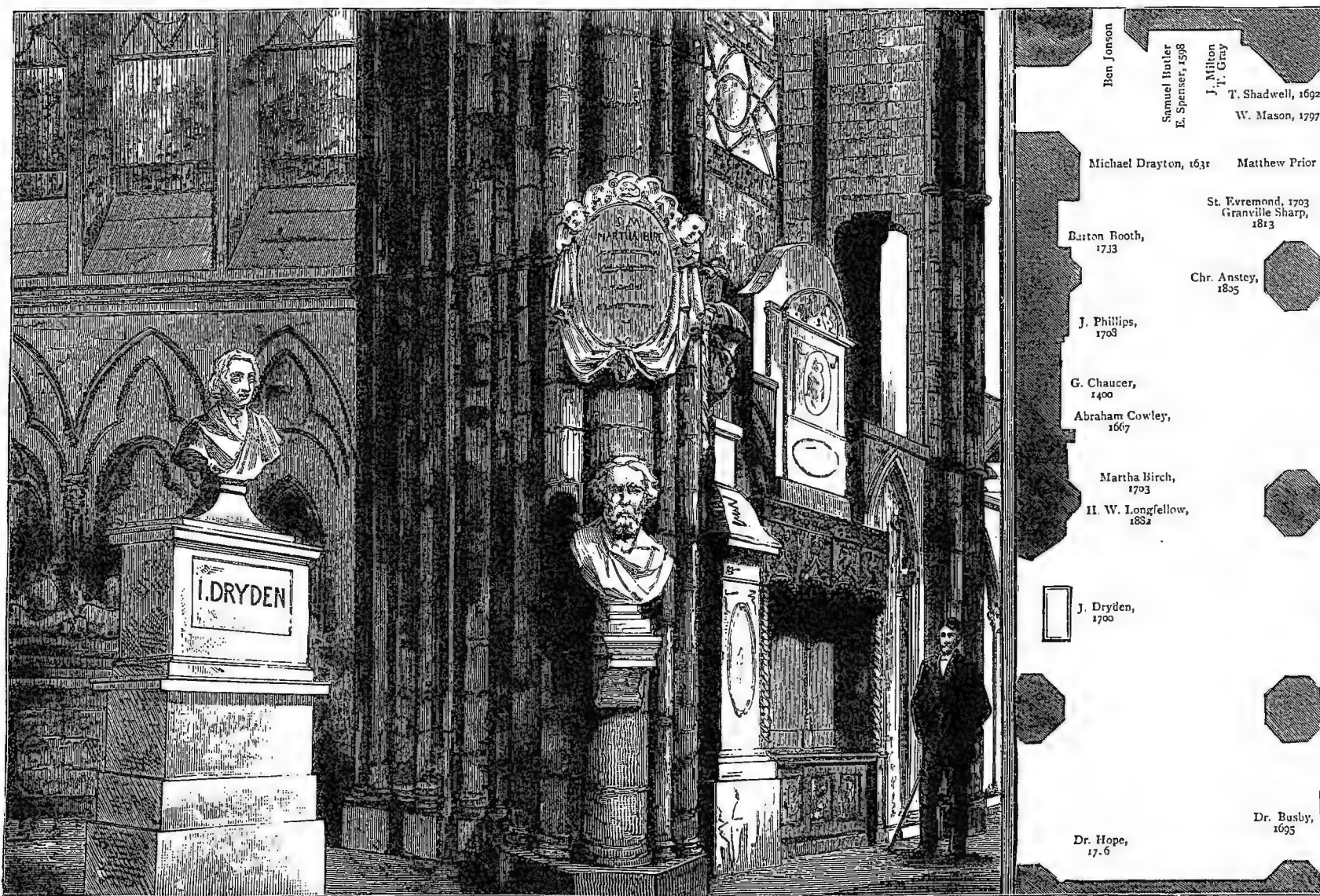


THOUGH Easter has been heralded by dull times, the holiday season is by no means barren of theatrical novelties; on the contrary, this Easter presents a spectacle of very active rivalry among managers. A little in advance of the customary date the management of the OLYMPIC produced, for the first time in this country, a play called *My Partner*, which has been popular in the United States. It is the work of Mr. Bartley Campbell, a dramatist of some renown on the other side of the Atlantic, though a production of his, entitled *The Virginian*, brought out at the St. James's some years ago, failed to please English audiences. *My Partner* is a play of sensation, alternating with low-comedy scenes, somewhat in the fashion of the Adelphi melodramas of thirty years since; but it has one or two really powerful situations, and is reputed in America to depict with some fidelity the habits of Californian miners. Mr. George Rignold represents the heroic and persecuted hero in a boldly picturesque style, and Miss Alma Murray plays prettily enough the part of the heroine. The comic scenes are, however, greatly over-elaborated, and we are bound to say that the audience showed no little sign of weariness. On Saturday there was quite a rush of new pieces and revivals, foremost among which was the tragic play in which Mr. Lawrence Barrett made his first appearance at the LYCEUM, as noticed in detail below. During the present week the theatres have also been busy. Among noteworthy events is the opening of the reconstructed and improved CRITERION by Mr. Charles Wyndham and his company, after a long absence in America with *Brighton*; the opening of the new EMPIRE Theatre—a very handsome and commodious house in Leicester Square—with a grand musical spectacle grafted upon M. Hervé's comic opera of *Chilpéric*; and the production at the ALHAMBRA of *The Beggar Student*, a German opera, a review of which will be found under the head of "Music." At the NOVELTY there has been a partial change of bill, the old comedy of *The Country Girl*, with the graceful and clever Miss Kate Vaughan in the part of Peggy, being revived in association with the new farcical comedy *Nita's First*, which has proved a genuine success. HER MAJESTY's has opened, under the management of Mr. J. R. Taylor, careful revivals of *The Ticket of Leave Man* and *The Waterman*, supported by an efficient company. Mr. Taylor's venture is

(Continued on page 378).

A black and white woodcut illustration depicting a scene outside a building. A large crowd of people, mostly men in long coats and hats, is gathered in front of a building with a large open doorway. Above the doorway, a sign reads "УПРАВЛЕНИЕ ПРИСТАВА" and "2-й УАСТКА АРБАТСКАЯ". A man in a long coat and hat stands in the foreground, holding a hat. A portrait of a man in a fur hat is in the top right corner. The ground is covered in snow, and the overall style is that of a 19th-century engraving.

Plan of Poets Corner, Showing the Position of the
Longfellow Bust



THE MEMORIAL BUST OF LONGFELLOW, RECENTLY UNVEILED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MR. CHARLES READE

MR. READE'S death, which took place at his residence in Shepherd's Bush, on the 11th inst., had long been expected by his friends. For some six years his health had been failing under the effects of a severe domestic bereavement, and latterly he was afflicted with bronchitis and liver complaint. He had spent the winter at Cannes, but, feeling that his end was near, preferred to return home.

Apart from the record of his literary and dramatic enterprises, the events of Charles Reade's life with which the public need legitimately concern themselves may be told in a few lines. He was born in 1814, he was educated at a private school before he went to Oxford as a demy of Magdalen, he took his degree in 1835, subsequently becoming a Fellow of his College, and, in 1843, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, although he never practised the law.

Although he wrote occasionally for the Press, he did not settle down regularly to the pursuit of literature until he had attained the mature age of thirty-seven, when, in conjunction with the late Mr. Tom Taylor, he wrote the play of *Masks and Faces*. The play was based upon a novel which Mr. Reade had written, called "Peg Woffington." The acting of Mrs. Stirling as Peg, and of Mr. Webster as Triplet, is carefully cherished in the memory of elderly playgoers, and *Masks and Faces* may be reckoned among the few standard English comedies which the middle of the nineteenth century has produced. "Peg Woffington" showed the public that a fiction-writer of originality and genius had made his appearance, but his reputation was not assured until the following year, when "Christie Johnstone" was published. It has been styled a "plotless" story, but it possesses a wonderful freshness; it is scented with the salt breezes of the Firth of Forth; and could Sir Walter Scott, with his magnanimous spirit, have survived to read it, he would have heartily welcomed the Southron who hit upon such an unworked mine of pure gold within a few miles of "Auld Reekie."

Henceforward, not perhaps without detriment to his art, Mr. Reade began



CHARLES READE — NOVELIST, JOURNALIST, DRAMATIST
BORN 1814; DIED APRIL 11, 1884

vigorously to ride his hobby of writing novels with a purpose. Unlike the Cabinet Minister who was accused by Sheridan of "trusting to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts," Mr. Reade was a diligent digger and delver in Parliamentary Blue Books, an untiring compiler of curious stories from the daily newspapers, and an investigator with his own eyes and ears into matters which he deemed worthy of research.

From the raw material thus accumulated he evolved such stirring romances as "It Is Never Too Late To Mend" (1857), "Hard Cash" (1863), and "Put Yourself In His Place" (1870), in which tales he respectively championed the wrongs of the prisoner, the alleged lunatic, and the victim of trades-unionist outrage. "The Cloister and the Hearth," published in 1861, belongs to a different category, being a wonderfully vivid reproduction of mediæval history. By many it is held to be Charles Reade's masterpiece, though we venture to think it is scarcely so good in its present form as the delightful little story called "A Good Fight," which originally appeared in *Once a Week*, and from which Mr. Reade amplified it.

We do not here mention Mr. Reade's less successful works, either for the stage or the library, but *Foul Play*, a captivating story of adventures arising from the wreck of a ship, written in conjunction with Mr. Dion Boucicault, will not soon be forgotten. His last long novel, "A Woman-Hater," though not equal to the best of its predecessors, shows many flashes of genius; and *Drink*, his powerful dramatic rendering of Zola's repulsive "L'Assommoir," attained an immense popularity.

Mr. Reade once said to the writer of these lines, "I am a timid man, but I think I am a just man." The peculiar temperament implied by these adjectives perhaps accounted for his litigiousness, but it should never be forgotten that his litigiousness was exerted quite as much on behalf of the profession as for himself, and that it has had the effect of confirming the rights of authors to the creations of their brains.

To this journal (1872) Mr. Reade contributed a Christmas story called "The Wandering Heir," which was afterwards successfully dramatised.



THE SOUDAN—FRIENDLY NATIVES DOING HOMAGE TO THE SHEIK EL MORGANI
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

interesting from the bold attempt of the new management to establish "popular prices." Nearly the entire floor of the house is converted into a pit, to which the price of admission is only eighteenpence. The IMPERIAL Theatre has passed into the hands of the clever Vokes family, who appeared here on Monday afternoon in a new two-act farcical play called *In Camp*, a droll piece of absurdity, which gives plenty of scope for their boundless activity and varied comic powers. The new comic opera, called *Dick*, at the GLOBE; the bright new piece of the same class, adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy, and entitled *La Cossaque*, at the ROYALTY; a stirring romantic drama, by Messrs. Merritt and Conquest, brought out at the SURREY with the title of *The King of Diamonds*; an Irish drama, entitled *Donagh*, at the GRAND; a play by Mr. Landells, at the STANDARD, which, under the name of *A Bitter Wrong*, deals with the hardships inflicted on English girls who marry Frenchmen in this country, in ignorance of the French marriage laws; the not very successful *debut* of a young American aspirant for fame, Miss De Vane, in the character of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, at SADLER'S WELLS, are all events of the last few days; as is the reopening—if the fact is not too far removed from the province of the drama—of the HOLBORN Theatre with a troupe of black American performers, whose skins are black not by art, but by nature. We have reserved to the last a mention of the most important event of the week from the strictly dramatic point of view. We refer to the production of Mr. Pinero's version of *Le Maître de Forges*, brought out on Thursday—unfortunately about the moment when we are going to press—at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre, with the title of *The Ironmaster*.

That Mr. Lawrence Barrett, as a distinguished American actor taking up his quarters at the LYCEUM in the absence of Mr. Irving, would be received with a cordial reception was a foregone conclusion; and certainly nothing could have been more friendly than the attitude of the audience which had gathered to give him a welcome on Saturday evening. He may be described as a refined and cultivated actor, whose natural gifts seem to have no great affinity for tragic expression, but who yet, by the force of study and good judgment, is enabled to make a considerable impression in scenes of passionate excitement. His figure is slight; his features are rather regular and pleasing than of that grave and commanding cast which used to be considered inseparable from the functions of the leading tragedian; and his voice, though clear and strong enough, has no great depth of tenderness. An actor playing before audiences to whom he is a stranger is at a manifest disadvantage. The applause which is bestowed upon a favourite performer is always due in some measure to his general claims to the regard of audiences. Historic fame is cumulative: Mr. Irving, for example, probably acted ten or fifteen years ago quite as well as he acts now, but the public had not yet got to know the various sides—so to speak—of his powers. Nowadays, on the contrary, the enthusiasm which he inspires is necessarily due in some degree to the manifold associations which he has gathered. Mr. Barrett, it is fair to remember, has been seen here as yet only in one part, and that in a rather poor work. *Yorick's Love*, an American adaptation from the Spanish, tells the story of an actor who kills the lover of his wife on the stage, thus converting into sorrowful reality the situation of the play. The idea is dramatic, and the situation, followed as it is by the remorseful despair and suicide of the assassin, obviously affords scope for fine acting. Unfortunately the effect was somewhat marred by the too ingenious contrivances for representing a stage within a stage—the scene of the story being the Old Globe at Bankside in the days of Shakespeare. A far deeper impression was created in earlier scenes by the actor's frenzy of excitement and rapid transitions from hope to fear, from confidence to despair, when circumstances first fix a vague suspicion on the wife whom he tenderly loves. The adaptor's motive for placing the action in the days of Shakespeare is not very clear. It would be unfair to hold him responsible for the absurdity of clothing and housing his player folk in a style of princely magnificence; but Mr. Howells ought to have remembered that most playgoers nowadays are sufficiently instructed to feel the anachronism of women playing parts on the stage of the Globe in the early years of the seventeenth century. The representation also served to introduce to us an American actress, Miss Marie Wainwright, a young lady whose performance of the part of the heroine exhibited good natural gifts in association with a rather artificial deportment. Mr. Louis James, who enacted a prominent part, is also an American actor of some note. His deep sonorous voice and grave manner remind one somewhat of Maubant, of the Comédie Française; but it would be unfair to judge him upon a performance of a character which could not in the nature of things take much hold upon the sympathies of audiences.

The death of that prolific dramatist and excellent actor, Mr. Byron, is a loss to the stage which, notwithstanding the slight nature of a large number of his pieces, will not be easily repaired. Mr. Byron's end was a sad one, for he had been slowly wasting away under the cruel ravages of lung disease for nearly two years. Change of air brought no relief; and finally he came back to his residence in Clapham Park, where, in the presence of an affectionate wife and of his little children, he passed away at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. He was a member of the family of Lord Byron, being descended in a direct line from Admiral Byron, the famous navigator, to whom there are well-remembered references under the designation of "my grand-dad" in Byron's writings. Intended for the medical profession, and then for the law, his taste for the stage led him to try dramatic authorship in the way of burlesque, and then in that of more substantial dramas, in which comedy scenes were mingled with a vein of sentiment. Some of these latter have become stock pieces, not only in their original form, but also in the shape of adaptations on the Italian and German stages. *Cyril's Success*, *A Fool and His Money*, and *Our Boys*—the latter of which pieces won the distinction of attaining by far the longest continuous run ever known upon our stage, or probably any other stage—are perhaps the three pieces from his pen which possess the most enduring qualities. Though conscious in the main of the serious nature of his condition—save perhaps in those brief intervals of hopefulness which are one characteristic of his malady—Mr. Byron maintained to the last the natural cheerfulness and kindness of disposition which has endeared him to so many friends and comrades.

Mr. Charles Reade, whose lamented death we have noticed elsewhere, was far more successful as a novel-writer than as a dramatist; yet he had contributed not a few plays to the modern stage of which we believe that no one can be said to have incurred absolute condemnation at the hands of a first-night audience. His most popular work was *Masks and Faces*, in which he had the assistance of his friend Mr. Tom Taylor. This pleasing comedy, so long associated with the names of Mr. Webster and Mrs. Stirling, and later with those of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, was, like most of Mr. Reade's pieces, founded on one of his own stories, which, it is fair to add, is scarcely less dramatic in its narrative than in its dramatic form. His own version of his novel, "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," provoked on its first performance a memorable protest against what one excited member of the audience called "the revolting realism of its prison scene;" but Mr. Reade defended his work in his own vigorous fashion, and he lived to see the play one of the most popular of his productions. Hardly less success was achieved by his dramatic version of "The Wandering Heir"—a story which first saw the light in our pages. He more than once took a theatre with a view to show the managers that they were mistaken in preferring his best plays to his worst. This was, of course, not his way of putting the case; but his experiments cannot with truth be said to have lent much support to his charges of

managerial stupidity. The revival at the Adelphi of *Dora*, a dramatic version of Lord Tennyson's poem, was, we believe, the latest of his efforts in this way. Mr. Reade, though somewhat wilfully violent in controversy, was in private one of the gentlest and most amiable of men, and few of those who were associated with him have cause to remember him otherwise than with the kindest feelings.

Mr. Toole's invitation to the company of the Princess's Theatre—from Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake down to the humblest of the employes—to witness a morning performance of *Paw Clawdian*, is a dramatic event which must not pass unrecorded here. The spectacle of an entire company—and so distinguished a company as that of the Princess's—sitting to see their efforts travestied, is probably altogether unique. It is pleasing to be able to add that the droll and clever mimicries by Mr. Toole, Miss Marie Linden, Mr. Shelton, Mr. Ward, Mr. Brunton, and others of the cast were received very good-humouredly, and were apparently much enjoyed by none more than those who were the direct objects of the satire.

Mr. Reece's burlesque version of Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*, brought out at the Gaiety with the title of *Our Helen*, met with a rather unfriendly reception, being wanting in the customary brightness and vivacity of a Gaiety extravaganza. Its place has now been taken by a revival of Mr. Burnand's burlesque drama, *Camaralzaman*, which is supported by all the strength of Mr. Hollingshead's incomparable burlesque company. The late Mr. Byron's burlesque extravaganza of *Der Freischütz* will be revived here on Thursday next.

Mrs. Bancroft has made her first appearance as a poet. In the current number of the *Theatre* will be found a poem from her pen, headed "Thou Bid'st Me Live." It shows some power of expression and facility of versifying; but is of a rather doleful complexion, being the supposed Werterian outpourings of a love-stricken youth determined to commit suicide in the teeth of the advice of his friends.

A new drama, by Messrs. Jones and Herman, authors of the *Silver King*, has been read at the PRINCESS'S; but there does not appear to be any immediate prospect of its production, since it is understood that Mr. Wilson Barrett is contemplating Shakespearian revivals.



EASTER WEATHER.—A dense air, a light wind from the east, and a low temperature—46 deg. to 50 deg.—distinguished the Easter of 1884, when a little sunshine and some showers visited certain districts, but general weather characteristics were as mentioned. The woods round London looked very fresh in their unfolding foliage of the tenderest green. The apple orchards of Kent are coming into blossom, while plums have gone off, the flowering season being over, and the fruit having set well. The hawthorn hedges which skirt the road are now fairly thick in leafage, in fact it is no longer possible to see through them. The chestnut leaves have attained to almost their full expansion, and the later poplars are rapidly putting on their leaves. The maple is very beautiful in the warm tints of its spring foliage.

THE NORTHERN FARMER finds labour fairly plentiful at 18s. per week, as he should do at that rate of wages. Growing crops are looking well, especially winter beans. Wheat is rather small, but on the whole looks well. The clover fields are rapidly showing a good growth, and grass is growing very fast since the recent rains. Tillage operations are very forward, and not much spring corn remains to be sown. What there is on the strong lands. Lambs are numerous, but prices are not very remunerative. Potato-planting has commenced, but the bulk of this work remains to do. Barley-growing appears to have been discouraged, and there has been an increased sowing of oats at the sacrifice of the maltsters' cereal. There has been a slight touch of frost, but not enough to do any harm.

NORFOLK AGRICULTURAL SHOW will be held this year at Lynn, on the 18th and 19th June, when over 1,500 will be given as prizes. There are four classes for shorthorn bulls, and the Prince of Wales's prize will be given to the best in these classes. Mr. A. Hammond offers 10l. for the best family of four shorthorns, a cow and three descendants. Mr. Tyssen Amherst, M.P., will give a special prize of 5l. for the best cow or heifer bred in Norfolk; and Messrs. Gurney and Co. give 10l. for the best shorthorn bred in the county. There are a number of prizes for red polls, and the Breeders' Plate is offered for the best collection of red polls sent by any breeder. Prizes are also offered for Channel Islanders and cross-bred cattle; while dairy cows and fat stock are not overlooked. There are several classes for sheep and swine. Entries for the Show close on the 17th of May.

SOILS AND MANURE.—Professor Jamieson, in his annual report to the Sussex Agricultural Association, says, "The function proper of soil is to provide a large quantity of water to plants and a very small quantity of mineral matter. All other functions are subordinate or accidental." Good soil should contain the necessary degree of moisture, should be freed from draught and stagnation, should be firm enough to support the plant, yet not so adhesive as to prevent rootlet extension. Organic matter is not essential to soil, though it may often do useful work by assisting to obtain the suitable consistency state, and by correcting injurious matter. Those who may doubt these views can convince themselves by water culture of plants which have healthily developed without trace of a grain of matter within reach of the root.

FRUIT FARMING.—The Company of Fruiterers have published from the pen of Mr. Whitehead a work on profitable fruit-farming, which tends to show that the prevailing conditions of land tenure have hitherto fettered the agricultural industry of the country so far as fruit farming is concerned. The writer makes out a strong case for consideration on the part of landlords in favour of farmers disposed to try the cultivation of fruit in suitable localities. Mr. Whitehead shows that in some cases very large profits can be made from fruit-farming, and that it is not necessary to have fruit plantations near populous centres. It is only necessary that they should be tolerably near a railway station. Home-grown fruit will always have the preference over imported kinds.

BUTTER AND TURNIPS.—Mr. G. Simpson, of Reigate, a well-known breeder, says that if the crown of the turnip be cut off and only the bottom of the bulb be given to milking cows, no flavour of turnips will be imparted to the butter. About one-third of the bulb should be cut away with the crown, and can be given to store cattle or pigs.

SEWAGE FARMING.—With the enormous growth of our towns this has become a great agricultural question, and we are glad, therefore, to note that the experiments of the Bedford Town Council are showing good results at last. They were begun in 1868, and after 7,000l. had been spent in preparing, the result, in 1869 and 1870, was a loss of about 500l. a year nett. Since then the loss has been gradually reduced, until we now have the farm on a paying basis, while, of course, the sewage of the district, instead of poisoning the local streams, infecting the local wells, and putre-

fy in local cesspools under inhabited houses, is profitably disposed of, and restored to earth in a natural manner. Last year the Bedford farm grew 190 qrs. of oats on ten acres, and the yield of potatoes per acre was enormous. Farms carried on less expensively than that at Bedford should show a decided profit.

AN OUTRAGEOUS SCHEME.—The scheme now put forward for the settlement of the Lower Thames Valley Drainage is one that needs only to be mentioned to be opposed by all dwellers below Mortlake, where it is proposed to concentrate the sewage, pouring the liquid filth into the Thames to float down through London, while the solid dirt is to be conveyed, also through London, to Erit in barges. A more expensive plan for poisoning a metropolis has never before been put before the public of any country.



UP TO THE CLOSING OF THE LAW COURTS with the Easter recess there continued to be observable a steady increase in the number of cases set down for trial by Judges without juries.

WITH HIS SOJOURN IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT Baron Pollock's health has been completely restored, and he is expected to open the Commission at Lewes on the 22nd inst.

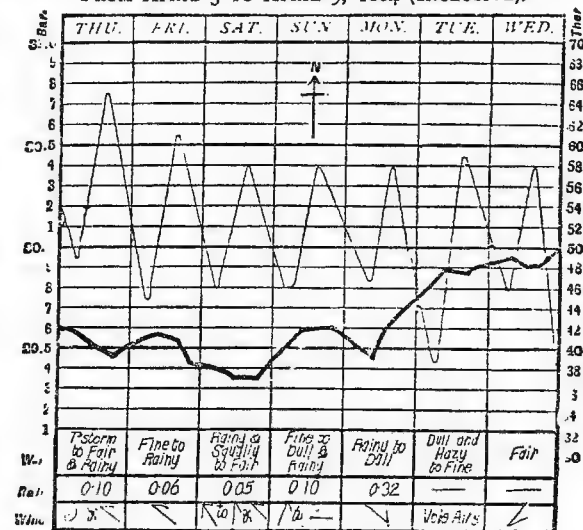
BY THE DEATH OF MR. W. J. PAYNE, of the Midland Circuit, vacancies are made in the offices of Steward of Southwark and Judge of the Southwark Court of Record, of Recorder of Buckingham, and of Coroner of London, Southwark, and the Duchy of Lancaster.

ON THE PROSECUTION OF THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY two persons have been mulcted by the Judge of the Edmonton County Court in two penalties of 5l. each, with costs on the higher scale, for selling poison and exhibiting the title of chemists without being on the Register. One of the mixtures thus vended was found to contain a considerable quantity of strychnine.

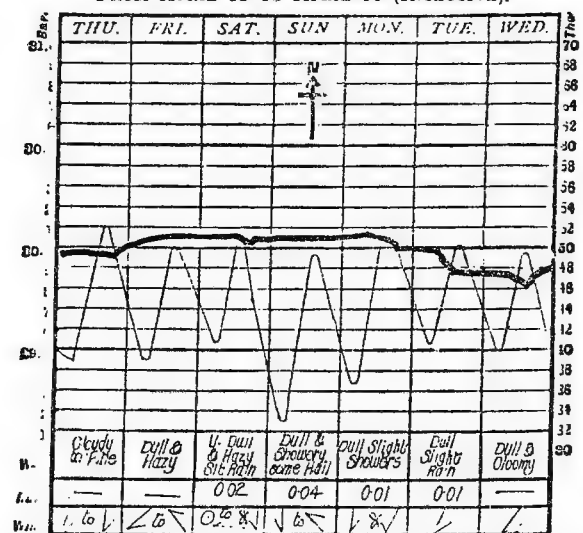
SOME IMPORTANT ARRESTS of persons suspected of participation in the recent Fenian plots were made last week. One of them, Fitzgerald, who has been removed to Ireland to be tried for treason-felony, was taking a stroll in the neighbourhood of Scotland Yard when he was arrested. Documents compromising him are said to have been found in his possession. The chief other arrests were of Daley, seemingly an Irish-American, and of Egan, an Irishman, with whom he lodged at Sparkbrook, Birmingham. Explosives and infernal machines were found in Daley's possession, and at the Birmingham Police Court, on Saturday, Egan was remanded for a week to give time for a careful search of his premises, and an examination of the papers already found on them.

WEATHER CHARTS FOR THE TWO WEEKS

FROM APRIL 3 TO APRIL 9, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



FROM APRIL 10 TO APRIL 16 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick lines show the variations in the height of the barometer during the two past weeks ending Wednesday midnight. The fine lines show the shade temperature for the same interval, and give the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the first part of the past fortnight was changeable and showery, with thunder and lightning at many places, while the latter portion was fair, dry, and cold. The period opened with an area of low pressure off our south-western coasts, and small, shallow depressions over England, the weather being generally fair in London and its neighbourhood, cloudy or rainy elsewhere. During the night of the 4th inst. a depression advanced to the north of Ireland from the south-eastwards, accompanied by southerly winds in the south, easterly winds in the north, and rainy weather generally. On the 7th inst. a disturbance lay off our south-eastern coasts and part of France, attended by unsettled rainy weather in those districts, while fine weather prevailed elsewhere. The barometer now rose steadily, and readings became very uniform generally, with fine, dry weather, and a predominance of cold northerly winds. During the closing days of the time pressure continued high over our islands, while the gradients for northerly winds increased somewhat. The weather was fair, to dull and cloudy, with occasional light, but cold, showers in several places. Temperature was fairly high at the beginning of the period, but, gradually decreasing, became decidedly low for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30.32 inches) on the 14th inst.; lowest (29.56 inches) on the 5th inst.; range, 0.76 inch. Temperature was highest (65°) on the 3rd inst.; lowest (33°) on the 13th inst.; range, 32°. Rain fell on three days; total amount, 0.71 inch; greatest fall on any one day (0.32 inch) on the 7th inst.

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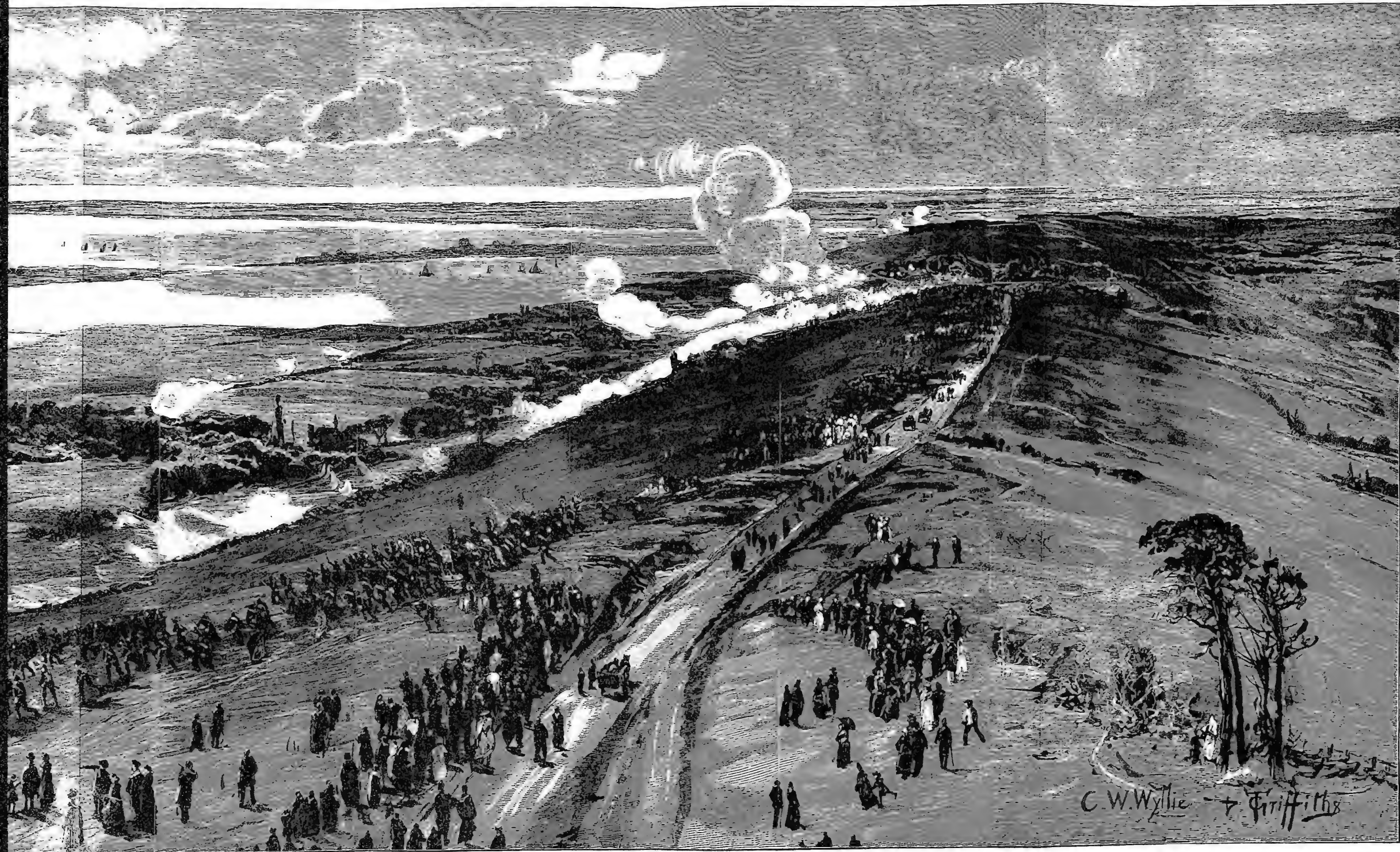
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ISLE OF WIGHT



THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES AT PORTSMOUTH---PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BATTLE-F

FORT SOUTHWICK



VIEW OF THE BATTLE-FIELD, SKETCHED FROM THE "GRAPHIC" BALLOON BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"He drained about a quart of ale, and then set down the mug with a sigh."

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

CHAPTER XX.

FAREWELL, SWEET LOVE!

NOTHING of all this was told by me to Tom or to my father, though afterwards they learned it from Lady Crewe. I saw my Lord once more before he went away, but not alone. Nevertheless he whispered, "Dorothy: you have chosen rightly; all that you do is well done. Farewell." And so he went away, and I lost the noblest lover that ever wooed a maid. Shortly after I received from Lady Crewe a letter, which I copy out for the consolation of other girls who may be parted from their lovers for conscience, or religion's sake. The letter was not brought by the postboy, but one of the Bishop's running footmen, who also carried with him a great parcel of fine things sent to me by her Ladyship, kindly hoping thus to cheer my spirits by the contemplation of black and silver fringe, Geneva velvet, Brussels lace, Italian silk, soft Indian stuffs, white sarsnet, blue and gold atlas, flowered damask, and so forth. It is certainly a great solace to a woman in all the misfortunes of life to have such things to look at, and I daresay many a sad heart may have been comforted by such a present as was thus made to me.

"My dear and loving niece," her ladyship wrote: "I hear from a sure hand that the admonition and advice of the Bishop in this grave affair between Lord Derwentwater and yourself have been duly considered by you, and have borne fruit in your decision, which I pity and am sorry for, while I cannot but approve it. A grievous thing, indeed, it is, for a woman to send away any gallant gentleman who offers his hand and his affections (yet have I sent away many); much more grievous is it when that gentleman is such an one as my Lord of Derwentwater, a man born, I am persuaded, to be loved by all, a young gentleman of excellent parts and great sweetness, not to speak of his exalted rank and his nearness to the Throne. Among the many offers which I received and refused, there was not one so important as this. Indeed, my dear, the conquest of this admirable young gentleman, though it surprises me not, since the beauty of the women in our family hath ever been coupled with that most excellent gift, the power of attraction, yet it should greatly raise you in the estimation of all. There is not (believe me) a young woman in all England who would not long to have so brave a lover at her feet, and it will be all your life a subject of gratitude and thankfulness that this has happened to you. But if I admire your fortune, child, in this affair, I admire your behaviour more in letting him go. Grievous it is, I say, and my heart bleeds for your sorrow. Yet, my dear, on the other hand, consider, I pray, how much more grievous would it be to have taken him.

For, just as he can never change the religion in which he was brought up, which is that of his father, of his mother, of his grandfather, King Charles, and of his cousin, the Prince; so you, for your part, can never change your own, which is that of all the living Forsters, whether of Etherston or of Bamborough, or of Yorkshire, or of Jamaica, and that of your illustrious uncle, the Bishop of this Diocese. Picture to yourself the distracted household in which the father is a Papist and the mother a Protestant; the children inclining now this way, now that, as they are swayed by their father's or their mother's influence; imagine the unfortunate parents, fearful each for the future lot of the other, and trembling continually for fear whether Heaven can be assured for those who hold to this or to that belief. My dear, thou hast saved thyself from such a fate in this decision and conclusion to which thou hast arrived. Wherefore, learn to look upon the Earl as a friend who cannot possibly become a husband any more than if he were a brother, and let thy heart be free to listen to the persuasions of other and more fortunate men. Meantime, forget not to take comfort in the thought that thou hast obeyed the admonition of thy Bishop—a thing much more pleasing to Almighty God than the mere following of the inclinations and temptations of the heart. This, in after years and upon thy death-bed, will afford thee such satisfaction and comfort as the memory of a short period of passion could never secure. Wherefore, my dear niece, I leave thee to thy resignation as a Christian, to thy obedience as a daughter of the Church of England, to thy pride as a Forster, to bring thee quickly to a cheerful and contented mind. Of this matter, for the present, enough. My Lord, I am thankful therefore, continues in such health and strength as is surprising in a man of his years. To him belongs the blessing of long continuance in the land. We hear good news concerning the temper of the country, which promises to assume a settled resolution of loyalty. I know very well on which side my niece will be found. Rest assured, therefore, that thou hast in me always the same affection and desire for thy welfare. Thy loving aunt,

"DOROTHY CREWE."

In this way, therefore, did my love story end. Because my lover was so gallant and comely a man, all other men have since appeared small compared with him. Nor have I ever been able to endure the thought of a second lover; though many have offered themselves, including that faithful pair, who would never take nay for an answer, Peregrine Widdrington and Ned Swinburne. Thus it is that, though an unmarried woman, I have learned to distinguish and to understand very clearly the symptoms of love, which are various,

and differ with every man, one becoming melancholy and another joyful, one hanging his head and another dancing, one afraid and another confident; but always the same hungry look in every eye—the same look as I had seen in my Lord's eyes, though in him much more noble and dignified. But never again, towards any other man, did I feel the same glow in my own heart, the same yearning—almost too strong to be endured—to see that look again. Therefore, I think that, though a woman may perhaps make a good wife even to a man who has never touched her heart, we are all so constituted by nature that we can love but one man. This is the high and sacred mystery of wedded life, ordained by Heaven for the mutual support and comfort of man and woman. I have missed that chief blessing, it is true; but I have not missed the gift of a man's love.

It would be foolish to relate how dull were the days and how tedious the duties of the house after my Lord left me. A girl crossed in love is ever a sorrowful creature; all such do I pity from my heart, remembering the pain and anguish which at that time I endured. In such a juncture then and at the outset is no comfort in anything—not even in lace and silks; nor any joy in the day, nor any rest at night. For the morning brings the thought that there will be no happiness in the day, and the sun uprising only renews the pain of yesterday; in the night, the face of him who is lost comes back in dreams, and hangs about the pillow like the face of a ghost. I saw that ghost by night and had those memories by day. When Mr. Hilyard read to me I heard not; when he played sad music to me I sat in my chair and listened not; when he talked to me I heeded not. Yet he never wearied in reading, talking, and playing to me, and was a most patient, thoughtful creature. At such time the things which happen pass before our eyes as in a dream, and we see them not, and think nothing strange. Why, I remember now that Jenny Lee came to me one day, and, after saying that she could not bear to see her mistress thus go still in sorrow, telling me she knew how to get from her grandmother a love-potion, which, if I pleased, she would send by a sure and secret hand to Dilston Hall, to bring back my Lord, so that, nilly-willy, he should not choose but come. Instead of rebuking the girl, and soundly boxing her ears, I only shook my head and said nothing. Yet this is something strange—that a servant-maid should offer to practice sorcery, and her mistress should not reprove her.

Let all this pass: time brings patience and understanding. What had been done was for conscience and fair Religion's sake. Afterwards, but not for a year or two, Lady Crewe told my brother Tom

what had happened, and it was counted as an honour to us all that my Lord had proposed and I had refused.

At this time my father, being now somewhat advanced in years—namely, between fifty and sixty—was aware of the long journeys to London and back, and therefore resolved to retire from the House of Commons. I know not what passed between Lady Crewe and Tom on the subject of living in London, but I suppose that she agreed to bear his charges, so that he should make an appearance in the great town worthy of his position in the country and his place as a Knight of the Shire. Certain it is that he was elected, being the seventh Forster in unbroken line who thus represented his county in Parliament.

When Tom was away, which was now for a great while in the year, I led for the most part a retired life at the Manor House, Mr. Hilyard managing all her affairs for Lady Crewe, though I confess that so great a scholar would have been better occupied in a library. We continued to read together, and in the winter evenings we had music, chiefly of a grave and serious kind, which elevates the soul and leads it heavenward. It seemed as if he was contented, when there was no feasting or fooling, to lead this quiet life. Often, also, my father would sit with us, especially in the summer evenings, and take a pipe of Virginia with a mug of ale. But as for play acting, singing choruses, and the like, there was none of it. Nor was there much whisper of what was doing in the world, save for a newsletter which sometimes reached us. Nothing more astonished me when I went to London than the multiplication of news and the swiftness with which the latest intelligence is received and scattered abroad. Again, Mr. Hilyard had often told me that we lived in an age remarkable, even like that of Augustus, for wit, poetry, genius, and learning. Yet of all these wits—of Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and the rest—I should have known nothing, except at second hand, had not Mr. Hilyard, by great good fortune, lighted on a complete set of the papers called the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*. It was in the year 1713, and at Alnwick, whither few books find their way. Certainly, I may truly say that I have never received greater pleasure than from the reading of these delightful works. Too often the wits of the age lend their powers to bringing virtue in contempt, so that a gentlewoman cannot so much as look upon their poems, and if she ventures to the theatre, must, for shame sake, put on a mask. There is comfort in the thought that such writers receive their reward in the oblivion into which they speedily fall. Neglect, says Mr. Hilyard, is the certain fate of those who impiously seek to make virtue ridiculous.

Each year, when Tom came home, the house was filled again. Once more the cellar was opened; there was feasting, and, in the evening, singing and drinking, with Mr. Hilyard to keep the company merry. Pleasant it was to see Tom, happy, as of old, with every kind of sport, never tired of the things which always amused him, calling for the old songs and the old stories. But there came latterly many strange faces, at sight of whom Mr. Hilyard looked glum. They were nonjurors, malcontents, and restless men, who were not content, as most of us in the North, to wait, but must needs be for ever pushing and plotting.

As for Tom's way of living in London, it was this—apart from his Parliament duties. After a mug or two of small beer in the morning, he commonly took his dinner at Lovett's, by Charing Cross, a place much frequented by Members of Parliament and country gentlemen. Dinner despatched, he would presently walk to White's Coffee House, in St. James's Street, where no Whig dare so much as show his face. Here would he take a dish of coffee or chocolate, with a pipe of tobacco, and, perhaps, if the weather were raw, a dram of ratafia or Nantz. In the evening he went to the October Club. He was never seen in the Park, or the Theatre, or any of the places where ladies resort; and while, on the one hand, he escaped the destruction which the ladies of London sometimes bring upon country gentlemen, on the other, there was no question as to marrying an heiress. An easy man, everybody's friend, and to all the world Tom Forster.

When I asked Mr. Hilyard where the October Club met, he said that he did not know, but certainly as far as possible from Will's. I know that Will's is the resort of wits and poets, and it was easy to understand that Mr. Hilyard meant to imply that Tom's friends were not remarkable for learning and ingenuity. I daresay this may be so, if only for the reason that most of the Tories are gentlemen by birth; now there is no reason at all why one already illustrious by his descent should seek glory in the contest of wit in which he may be outdone by some smart Templar, or even the son of a London vintner, like Mr. Hilyard. On the other hand, there are many great wits and scholars on our side, and I hope that Bishop Atterbury, or Lord Bolingbroke, may be acknowledged at least the equal of Addison or Steele. But perhaps, after all, Mr. Hilyard only desired to say a smart thing. There is practised among scholars the art of describing men and things in sharp sentences, mostly ill-natured. They call this art wit or satire, but it is, to my thinking, mostly ill-nature or spitefulness.

"If I were in London, which I fear"—here Mr. Hilyard sighed heavily—"I shall never see again, I would go to the coffee-houses of both sides, and then—"

"What then?"

"I should learn all that can be said against either side. Believe me, Miss Dorothy, there would be no greater safeguard for your Tory gentleman than to hear the Whig argument."

"Nay," I said, "a Forster must be loyal."

"Let him be as loyal as you will. But if there is to be fighting let others begin. Her ladyship is much concerned at the continual presence of these nonjurors."

In the early spring of the year 1712, my maid Jenny Lee ran away from me. I am not able to charge myself with the least unkindness towards the girl, whom I treated with kindness from the beginning, although I could not forget the strange things I had myself seen, or else thought I had seen, when at Dilston Hall. But she was quiet and well behaved, and gave me no trouble at all except on that account; and always dutiful, affectionate, and respectful, clever with her fingers, and knowing how to restrain her tongue. I had already designed her in my own mind, to marry, when my brother should have no more need of his services, his own man Thomas Lee (not of the gipsy Lees), a handy and honest fellow, not more given to drink than most, and never drunk until his master was first seen safe to bed. But the end was otherwise, for one day, hearing that the strolling players were at Wooler, only ten miles away, she could not be restrained, but packed up all she had—in truth, a sorry bundle—threw it over her shoulder, and marched off, leaving a saucy message to Mr. Hilyard, that he only was to blame, because he it was who first showed her how to act; and a crying message to me that indeed I had been a kind mistress to her, and that she begged my forgiveness, but she must needs become a player, and no other way of life was tolerable to her.

In the autumn of the same year, that is, in the year 1712, we heard of Lord Derwentwater's marriage. He was married on July the 10th, to Anna, daughter of Sir John Webb, Baronet, of Canford, in Dorsetshire. His wife's family were Catholics, so that, happily, there was no question of religion between them. She had been educated in a convent at Paris, and I believe that my Lord made her acquaintance before he returned to England. By her mother's side she was also of good blood, being granddaughter of Lord Worlabey, and great-granddaughter to the Marquis of Winchester. He wrote two or three days after his marriage to his cousin, Lady Swinburne, of Capheaton, from a place called Hallenhope, in Gloucestershire, where he lived for two years with his wife, and where his son was

born. His letter, which Lady Swinburne showed me, was full of joy, for which I thanked God, praying that his earthly happiness might be continued to him for a long life. We also learned that my Lord had further agreed to spend two years in the South of England, among his wife's relations. I know not for what reason this article was asked for, or insisted upon, but I think with the design of protecting the young Earl from the designs and conspiracies of the more violent among the party. If that were the case, then I would to Heaven that they had made the agreement for three years and a half, at least, when all the trouble might have been averted. I am very certain that there would have been no disturbance in Northumberland, whatever they might do in Scotland, but for the certainty that the great families in the county, and especially the Radcliffes, would be drawn in.

I have never charged my Lord, either secretly or openly, with inconstancy, yet I confess that, at the first moment, when I heard of his marriage, I felt a pang, which I believe was natural, though it hath since been repented. Such a charge would be most unreasonable, on every ground—that of his rank, because a man in his exalted rank must marry for the sake of heirs; and because, if one woman says nay, there are plenty as good as she in the world—ay, and a good deal better. Then, again, a man may love many women in his life, I suppose, though that we cannot understand. Lastly, his choice was wise, and his wife beautiful, virtuous, and in every way worthy of her rank, and of her husband.

I have told all that concerns the early life of my brother until the time when he became Knight of the Shire. You have seen how he was trained, and how fitted for the part he was fated to play; that is, he was fonder of the country than of town; he never unlearned his country speech and manner; he was loved by all; he was of easy temper; he was but little conversant with books or men; he was readily persuaded; he was honourable and loyal, true to his word, and to his friends.

In the sequel, it may seem to some that I presume to treat of matters beyond a woman's reach. Though I may be excused if I touch sometimes on these things, I would not, certainly, seem desirous of writing history. The Rising in the North will, I hope, be fitly treated by Mr. Hilyard, who promises to make such a book concerning it as Sallust made concerning the Conspiracy of Catiline (though not comparing its leaders with that bloodthirsty parricide). In this way he will do justice to the actors, and confer immortality upon himself. Sad it would be if so much learning were to be rewarded by no other monument than a tomb in Durham Cathedral!

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. HILYARD'S DREAM

It was late in the summer of 1714 that Lord Derwentwater brought the Countess home. Such was his eagerness to return, and hers to make acquaintance with her husband's cousins, that is to say, with all the gentry of the county, that he started for the North on the very day that his two years expired, namely, on the 10th of July, and, though he travelled with a great company of servants, baggage, and pack-horses, and stopped on the way to see York races, he arrived at Dilston Hall in the first week of August, to the joy and content of his friends and tenants. As for his brothers, Frank and Charles, they were both in London, but not, I understood, living together, and Charles spending at a great rate, that is to say, above his income; his uncle, Colonel Thomas Radcliffe, was at Douay, where I hope the poor man forgot his imaginary pursuer; the Lady Mary was gone to Durham, where she had a house; and Lady Katharine to live in a convent at St. Germain's—honoured no longer by the Court of the Prince, who was at Bar-le-Duc. Some of the Swinburnes were there to meet the Countess, and Mr. Errington, of Beaufront. Mr. Hilyard also, who was at Blanchland on Lady Crewe's business, went to Dilston to pay his respects. Tom was still in London, and I was at Bamborough, thirty miles away. When, however, Mr. Hilyard returned, he informed me of every particular, even of her ladyship's dress, of which, for a man, he was observant, and made me understand that the Countess had taste, and dressed in the mode.

"As for my Lord," said Mr. Hilyard, "he looks certainly older, and is fuller in the cheeks than three years ago; but his carriage is the same. Sure there is no other nobleman in the world like unto him. He was so good as to inquire of my welfare, after asking after your own health and his Honour's."

"And the Countess?" I asked.

"She is little of stature, but vivacious in speech; her age is twenty; her eyes are dark and bright, and she laughs readily. She has the manners of the town, and will prove, I doubt not, remarkable for her ready sallies; and for a lively temper rather than for the dignity which is so conspicuous in some great ladies—in Lady Crewe, for example. Her own people all declare that she is kind-hearted and generous, though quick of speech."

"Did my Lord seem happy?" I asked.

"There was no outward sign of anything but of happiness," he told me. "They are reported to be lovers still, though they have been married two years and more. All testify that never was a couple more truly fitted for each other, and yet—" He stopped short, but I knew very well what was in his mind.

"And yet, three years ago," I said, "he was content to look for happiness with another woman. Young men sometimes mistake their hearts. Let us be thankful that, this time, my Lord hath made no mistake. Those who remain lovers after two years are certainly married as Heaven intended, and will continue lovers to the end."

And yet, for my own part, I had never forgotten his image, which was graven on my heart. But he had forgotten; he could show every outward sign of happiness. This, I say, being a feeble woman, I could not choose but feel. Afterwards I learned that a man may be happy, and yet not forget tender passages of old. We women are for ever saying, "A man does this, and a man does that," making comparisons of ourselves with the other sex, only to find out our own weakness and their strength. "A wise man," quoth King Solomon, "is strong." He doth not say that a strong man is wise. Yet methinks a man, because he is strong, may more easily than a woman attain unto and reach that Wisdom, which is to the soul (also in the words of Solomon) like honey and the honeycomb.

"I hear also," said Mr. Hilyard, "that the Countess is red-hot for the Prince; and am sorry to hear it."

"Why," I replied; "surely you would not have her on the other side?"

"Nay; I would have her on the side of safety. Loyalty, faith, and kinship call the Earl into a certain path which is beset with danger. Let Prudence walk beside him, if only to hold him back."

Of late Mr. Hilyard often spoke thus, showing, though I knew it not, a spirit prophetic. Thus can learning make men foretell the storm, and see clouds to come even in a sky without a cloud. In affairs of State who would have looked for foresight from a simple Oxford scholar of lowly birth? Yet the storm was at hand. The first sign of it came the very next day, namely, the seventh of August, in the year of grace 1714: Mr. Hilyard, being in the forenoon on the high road from which Bamborough lieth distant a mile and a half, or thereabouts, presently saw, making what speed he could along the way (which here is rough and full of furrows, so that to gallop is not easy) a messenger on horseback who blew a horn as he went, and cried out with a loud voice unto any he met or passed, or saw working in the fields or in the cottage gardens, or

at open door or in farm-yards by the wayside, saying, "The Queen is dead, good people. Queen Anne is dead!"

With this news Mr. Hilyard hastened to tell me.

"Queen Anne is dead!" he said for the fiftieth time. "What will they do? Nay, what have they already done? It is a week and more that the Queen is dead. Have they proclaimed the Prince? Is he already sent for? Did the Queen acknowledge him for her successor? Oh! that we could hear more! If we knew what they have already done! Why, anything may happen now—a peaceful succession, a civil war, a rebellion,—what do we know? And here sit I with folded arms, and can do nothing."

"You could do nothing," I said, "if you were in London, except shout in the streets and get knocked o' the head."

It is a strange delusion of every man that the course of events lieth in his own hand, and that if he alone were in the right place to order and direct, all would go well.

"Nay," he replied, "to shout in the street would be something. Besides, where pamphlets and verses and lampoons are flying, there could I be of use. At such times, a poet makes others shout."

Then we began again to guess and to wonder what was going to happen. If the Prince had been acknowledged by his sister for her successor, he would probably have been proclaimed on the day of her death. How did London take it? If that were so, it would fare ill with the great Whig Lords, like the Duke of Argyll and others, supporters of King William, Queen Anne, and the Protestant Succession. But as for families like ourselves, who had remained staunch supporters of the rightful Heir, there would be a time of fatness.

"His Honour," said Mr. Hilyard, "cannot expect anything short of an Earldom. That is the least that can be given to him."

"But," I asked, "how if the Prince surrounds himself with priests?"

"Why," said Mr. Hilyard, "that would not be endured by the City; and a remedy must be found. Else"—he looked so resolute that I trembled for his Highness.

"And what will the Nonconformists say?"

"As for them," he replied; "they must sit down and be content. Loyal they will never be. If they are not content, let them follow their grandfathers to America."

And so on. We made no manner of doubt, after much talking, that the Prince was already proclaimed, and Tom ruffling with the best on the victorious side.

"Heavens!" cried Mr. Hilyard, "what a sight must it be! The theatres resounding with loyal songs; the houses illuminated; all the brave soldiers drunk; every sour and surly Whig made to put a candle in his windows or have them broken; fighting at every corner; bonfires in every street; oxen roasted whole; conduits running with wine; the city companies holding high banquet; the universal feasting, singing, and drinking! Not a glum face outside the Conventicle. Heigho! What would I not give to be there among them all?"

He then went on to construct the future history of Great Britain and Ireland, in which he allowed the Prince to remain a Catholic, but exacted of him a pledge that his children should be brought up in the bosom of the English Church; he would also be suffered to have about him such priests as were necessary for himself alone, Catholics being excluded from any share in Government, and the Ministry being Protestants; Lord Derwentwater was to be made a Duke; Tom to receive the rank and title of Earl of Bamborough; he himself was to be a permanent Under Secretary, but I forget of what department—I think, however, it was of the Navy, because, like all Englishmen, he loved ships, and was ready at any time to prove that the English fleets were being ruined. As for me, I was to be advanced to the rank of Earl's daughter, and to be styled the Lady Dorothy Forster. An unheard-of prosperity was to reward the North-country for its return to loyalty. Thus, we were to drive the French out of North America, which, from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Pole, was to belong to the English; we were to establish new trading forts along the coast of India, and oust the French from their settlements in the East. We were to turn the Dutch out of the Cape of Good Hope; to extend our trade to China; to occupy the islands newly discovered in the great Pacific Ocean.

"Why," I said, "it is a dream of universal conquest."

"It is more," he went on. "We shall establish wherever we go the teaching of the pure Gospel and the Articles of the Church of England; we shall even convert to Protestantism the Irish people, so that they, too, like the rest of the United Kingdom, shall become contented and loyal."

A thousand other prophecies, projects, and designs he had which I forget or cannot write down, because it makes my head swim only to think of them. Mr. Hilyard's head was always filled with such inventions, fancies, and imaginations.

Unfortunately, all this beautiful structure of history proved to be only what the French call a *Chateau en Espagne*, that is to say, a castle in the air, a child's tower built of cards, a dream of the morning. For in a day or two we heard the choking news that the Elector of Hanover had been proclaimed King without opposition. There were no bonfires for the Prince, no illuminations, no shouting of a loyal mob. The "Jacks," we heard, were downcast and despairing. At White's Coffee House the gentlemen looked at each other with blank faces; the Whigs cocked their hats and went with sprightly mien. As for poor Queen Anne, no one, so far as we could hear, seemed to pity her. It is the fate of Kings. In their lifetime they are the idols (if they believe all they are told) of their subjects; they are models of virtue and piety; they are endowed by Heaven with genius incomparable; yet when they die no one laments; and the praise is transferred to the successor. Queen Anne is dead. Wherefore, without so much as a "Poor Queen Anne!" throw up caps and shout for the pious and virtuous Prince who is crossing the sea in the *Peregrine* yacht, no doubt full of love towards his loving subjects.

"Alas!" cried Mr. Hilyard, when he had somewhat recovered the blow. "To the wise man who hath read history and reflects, the rocks resound with the clashing of arms, and the rivers run with blood." He added, one after the other, half-a-dozen passages from the Latin poets, all of which fortified him in this gloomy opinion.

After this it seemed as if there was no more peace or quietness for us, but for ever disquieting rumours. Mr. Hilyard would ride as far as Alnwick for news, or even to Newcastle. Sometimes Lady Crewe would send me a London letter. In this way we heard that London was greatly disturbed, but the City firm for the Protestant Succession: that men were constantly flogged, flung into prison, and fined for loyalty to the Prince: the air was full of rumours. In the General Election of 1714, Tom was returned again without opposition: he also visited Lady Crewe and the Bishop; I have reason to believe that they advised him again to move with caution and have nothing to do with plots. Alas! he was already drawn in, and now too far gone to recede. Besides, under his frank and easy nature there lay, as we all knew, a loyalty towards his friends which nothing could shake. This was shown in the end, when others held back and he led the way.

"There is," said Mr. Hilyard, speaking of this time, long afterwards, "a point in the history of all conspiracies at which a man, who has gone so far, cannot retire. His honour is at stake—more, his very safety demands that he continue; he is involved in the common ruin or the common triumph. In this respect, the history of all conspiracies is the same."

As for this one, which was hatching, as one may say, for fifteen

years, how should I know it, except from such shreds and scraps as Mr. Hilyard hath got for me and pieced together after a fashion? The chief leaders who were known, such as Bishop Atterbury, the Duke of Ormond, and Lord Bolingbroke, had with them men of equal rank with themselves. With them were associated a great number of gentlemen: some of them Irish adventurers, some younger sons, some clergymen, who served as messengers—it was designed by means of these messengers to ensure risings on or about the same day in various parts of the kingdom—commands were formed; Tom, for instance, was to lead the Prince's forces in the North, assisted (because he knew nothing of the art of war) by Colonel Oxbrough; honours were to be bestowed and places given to those who faithfully served the Prince. His Royal Highness would himself join the insurgents: at the first considerable success, it was confidently reckoned that the troops would break away and come over to us. As for the Highlanders, they were already safe, our side would give them pay. The Established Church was left undisturbed; and, as for the Dissenters—why, in the opinion of most of these Tories, there were few punishments too bad for a Dissenter.

"As for me, Tony," said Tom, partly unfolding this design—but he knew very well that he could trust his man—"as for me, I am assured of a Peerage. That, with a grant of land—some of the confiscated lands—and a post in the Ministry, will satisfy me. I am not greedy. Hang it, man—(this bottle is finished; open t'other)—prate not to me of prudence; there are too many of us embarked not to make it a safe job. Besides, think you, Tony, that I like being my Lady's pensioner? What assurance have I that, in the end, she does not throw me over; or that my Lord has devised the Bamfborough estates to her, or to me after her death? And then, am I to fall back upon Etherston, where my father is already so crippled that the most he can do is to keep himself, with his wife and children and my brother Jack? What will it be when Madam's jointure has to be added? Why, half the gentlemen in Northumberland want such a windfall as a successful Rising to put them on their legs again. We will burn all the papers, Tony, and hang up the rascal lawyers, who are Whigs to a man, and would turn honest people out of their own, because they owe a parcel of debt."

He presently went back to London, and we waited, being pretty sure that the attempt would not be far off.

"Oh!" I cried, "they are strong men and brave men, and the country is with them! and yet they wait and wait, and the time it passeth by."

"Nay," said Mr. Hilyard, gently; "but this business of rebellion and civil war is a most dreadful thing, as well for the right as for the wrong. Certain I am that not without grievous bloodshed, and perhaps a religious war as great and terrible as that in France a hundred and fifty years ago, will the Prince come to his own. Consider, I pray you, the sufferings of the wounded, the agonies of widows and orphans, the ruined homes—alas! the pity of it."

He stopped, being greatly moved—indeed, since he understood the measure of the danger and the certainty of the design, he had been much cast down—and presently fetched down a great volume, in the reading of which he ever took great delight.

"Let me," he said, "read to you something said on this subject by the learned Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholie.'" He read a chapter concerning war and its dreadful evils. At the reading I was filled with shame that I should desire so grievous a thing. And yet, what to do, since the right cause must prevail, and there lies but one way?

"The right cause," said Mr. Hilyard. "Yes; the right cause, truly. Yet the trouble remains, in all human affairs, to find out the right cause. For, except to women, who are ever certain and sure that they possess the Truth absolute, there is always so much to say, first on this side, then on the other, and that without being a rhetorician or chopper of logic; so that even I for my own part, do not always discern which is the right. Truly, I think that, in all our human institutions, there is so much of error in the foundation that it infects the whole. For, as to the Divine Right of Kings, how know we who first made the first King? Was it, perchance, some tall and strong man, such as Mr. Stokoe, who elected himself? And have not, in all ages, Kings supported themselves by wars—that is, by strength? Would it not have been better to have had no Kings? Rome was never so happy as under a Republic, nor Athens as under her Archons; the greatness of Sparta compareth not with that of Athens. Yet, again, is the ignorant and greasy mob to rule all, being swayed by brutal passions and ungoverned desires?"

"Do you mean, Mr. Hilyard, that the Prince's cause is not a holy and righteous cause?"

"I mean, Miss Dorothy, that the Cause embraced by his Honour, my patron and benefactor, and by you, whose humble servant I am, is also mine, whether it be right or wrong."

He bowed his head, and his eye glittered. Never before, save when he personated the Prince in the village inn, had I seen a more noble look in his face. He was then, it is true, only my Lady's steward, and a poor scholar, who had been Tom's Tutor, notorious throughout the county for his buffooneries and his singing; yet our gentlemen would have done well had they taken his counsel before they trusted their own.

All this time Lord Derwentwater made no sign, and though an attempt has been made to prove that he was privy to the design from the beginning, it is not true. I say not that he suspected nothing. He would have been a stock and stone, and a fool to boot, not to know very well that serious things were contemplated. But, for his part, he was not consulted; that is most certain. He wished for nothing but peace, and quiet, and the society of wife and children. Yet the men who projected the rebellion, knew very well that they were sure of him. It was not only that he was the grandson of King Charles—other sons and grandsons, such as the Dukes of Richmond and St. Alban's, were not ashamed, any more than the Lady Dorchester, once the mistress of King James himself, to attend King George's coronation—it was because he had been the playfellow of the Prince, and was known to be of the highest honour and courage.

Early in the year 1715—I think in March—the Houses of Parliament were opened by the King, who called the attention of both Houses to the assistance which the Prince was expecting to receive. Then we heard that Lord Bolingbroke had fled. Then other rumours reached us; as that search for treasonable papers had been conducted in the barracks; that all officers had been ordered to return to their regiments at once; that the Prince had left Lorraine; that the Earl of Mar had gone into Scotland—what does it matter to set down all the things we heard and talked in those days?

"How can I tell," asked Mr. Hilyard, "which way London doth now incline? In my young days we were all for King William and the Protestant religion; nor can I understand how the better sort—the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, Common Council, and grave citizens—can have changed, unless it be that the stories we hear are true, and that there is not a man about the new Court who is a good Churchman, or even a staunch Dissenter. Indifference and unbelief the City will not endure any more than Popery."

Then we heard that there was a general flight from London of all the Roman Catholics. This was followed by a proclamation ordering Papists to withdraw to at least ten miles from London; a clergyman in Edinburgh begged the prayers of the congregation for a young gentleman that either was, or would soon be, at sea; riots were reported from Oxford, Birmingham, and other places; and yet the

houses and the shipping on the Thames were illuminated when King George went up and down the river; and a camp was formed in Hyde Park.

One day in August I received a letter from Lady Crewe, superscribed, "Haste! Post Haste!" She had, she said, heavy news to communicate about Tom. She had heard from a safe quarter that the Ministry had resolved upon seizing the persons of all the principal Jacobite gentlemen of the North and elsewhere. Among them she knew were included Mr. Thomas Forster the younger. "I know not," she added, "what correspondence (if any) my nephew hath had with the Prince and his friends, or what papers he hath in his possession. Do thou, however, Dorothy, enjoin him strictly from me, if he be riding North (which seems likely, since I have had no late tidings of him), that he burn all his papers, and then surrender himself, lest worse follow, unto the nearest magistrate until the storm be past. In this counsel the Bishop joins heartily. One must be, he says, in such times as these either the reed or the oak. Tom is not strong enough to be the oak. Let him be the reed, and meet the tempest with bowed head. This for thy private eye."

We read and discussed this letter all the day. We knew nothing—whether Tom was still in London, or whether we could write to him. Mr. Hilyard was of opinion that, the times being clearly perilous, the safest place for a Tory gentleman was the Tower, and for safety's sake the more of them the better. "Because," he said, "they will not hang them all, and they dare not hang one."

It was soon after dark in the evening, the day being the 28th of August, the people of the village being all abed, and the place quiet, that we heard a clattering of hoofs, in the road outside, stopping at the gate of the Manor House, and Mr. Hilyard went outside, curious and perhaps disquieted, as one is always before the arrival of misfortune. He returned immediately, bringing with him no other than Tom himself. His shoulders were bent, his face pale, his eyes anxious, his clothes covered with dust and mud.

"Quick, Dorothy!" he said; "a drink. Let it be October. Quick!"

He drained about a quart of ale, and then set down the mug with a sigh.

"Why—so—that makes a man of me again. I have been in the saddle for fifteen hours, and am well nigh spent. There hath been as yet no messenger or officers after me?"

"None, Tom."

"Well, I can lie here, I think, one night. To-morrow I must be up, and away again."

(To be continued)



AMONG the most interesting books which have recently appeared on Egypt is "Khédives and Pashas: Sketches of Contemporary Egyptian Rulers and Statesmen," by "One Who Knows Them Well" (Sampson Low and Co.). Whoever the author may be, he evidently has a familiar personal acquaintance with the persons he describes. The narrative is full of humour, especially marked in his analysis of the character of Ismail Pasha. "One Who Knows" differs so far from Lord Randolph Churchill as to think Tewfik Pasha an honest man. "Among those who know him best he inspires strong affection, among all he commands respect; but the highest testimony to his character would be given by the labourers and tenants of his private estate at Koubeh, for they have seen him as a man and a master, not as a Khédive. Solicitous as to their comfort, generous in supplying their every want, strict in punishment of their faults, but just in every word and act, he enjoys there a popularity possessed by perhaps no other landowner in Egypt. . . . An English general officer who had seen much of him, summed him up in one word, 'He is a little gentleman.'" Arabi the author takes to be utterly weak, owing his prominence in the world's eye to the fact that he was the necessary tool for abler and more designing men. The sketches of Riaz, Nubar, Chérif, and the different Consuls-General are good too; and every page in the book is made bright by good-humoured wit and piquant anecdote.

"Between Two Oceans, or Sketches of American Travel," by Iza Duffus Hardy (Hurst and Blackett) is brightly written. There is nothing very new in the book; but a certain freshness of view is characteristic of the author. The story of the San Francisco dogs, Lazarus and Bummer, is much better told by Sir Samuel Baker; but still, "Between Two Oceans" need not be despised by those who aspire to an accurate knowledge of our Transatlantic kinsfolk.

"Samoa," by George Turner, LL.D. (Macmillan and Co.), is a carefully-studied contribution to our anthropological information. It is a book, however, that has more value for the student than general interest.

"Life on the Lagoons," by Harold F. Brown (Kegan Paul and Co.), is very charmingly written, and for those, we should imagine, who intend to visit or wish to know something about Venice, will be uncommonly pleasant reading.—"A Jaunt in a Junk," issued by the same publishers, is an agreeable book. There is, at first, a certain pedantry of style that requires to be got over, as of boisterous good-humour putting on literary claims and overdoing the business; but, despite all that, the fun in the book is not meagre, and the idea that runs through it is original.

"Business and Pleasure in Brazil," by Ulick Ralph Burke and Robert Staples, jun. (Field and Tuer, "Ye Leadenhalle Presse"), is not badly done; but, despite the amiable self-complacency of the authors, perhaps the work was unnecessary, as the subject is not novel, and they bring to it little freshness of insight.

Passing from books of travel we come to "The Illustrated History of the World," Vol. II. (Ward, Lock, and Co.). This work is richly provided with engravings; more or less good, and more or less imaginary, and to the initiated there is palpable evidence of industrious padding. That is to say, as is too often the case in books written to order, much of the material has been simply shoved in to fill up space.—As to "The Universal Instructor; or, Self-Culture for All," Vol. III. (published by the same firm), it contains, of course, a great deal of useful information; but the arrangement of subjects is defective. It would have been better if the chapters dealing with the same subject had been brought together, and had not been scattered over the whole book.

"A Little Girl Among the Old Masters," by W. D. Howells (Tribner and Co.), is well worth reading. The little girl is presumably Mr. Howells' daughter of ten years old, and she gives us her own sketches of theological subjects, informed by what she has seen of Italian Art. Her father accompanies the drawings with comments in his very graceful style.

"The Diary and Letters of His Excellency Thomas Hutchinson, Esq." (Sampson Low and Co.), are an addition to our knowledge of the inner life of the eighteenth century. The great-grandson, who has edited these memoirs, has not been ill-advised in bringing to the notice of the public the memoranda of his ancestor as to what occurred in England and America in "the difficult period which preceded the War of Independence." Moreover, light is thrown on the movements of London social life a hundred years ago, and

the light is made brighter by the evident intelligence of the subject of the memoirs, who tells his story for himself.

"A System of Elementary Drawing," by Mr. W. H. Cubley (Chapman and Hall), is evidently not intended to furnish a number of drawing copies, but is intended to aid the student in drawing from real objects. The lines used both in rectangular and circular objects are plainly meant to assist the mind in viewing them; but when the knowledge of their use is obtained, such lines can be dispensed with. For instance, at page 9 of this book, it will be seen that the pupil is not to be a mere copyist; but is gradually to be brought to work independently, and this because the centre of vision is changed. This course, it is clear, is to be observed in drawing all the objects that follow, *i.e.*, where the centre of vision is used; and then the work must be accomplished on the knowledge previously acquired. Mr. Cubley aims to give aid to the student in forming a correct idea of what is true in the arrangement of lines and in symmetry of form. Drawing-books, as a rule, only deal with the broad features of the object; but Mr. Cubley has endeavoured to direct attention to the necessity of correct drawing in all the small matters of detail, and to the importance of relative proportion being observed in the back construction of objects. As the result of many years' experience, Mr. Cubley has come to the conclusion that the system he now presents to the public is the best, and those who examine his work will be inclined to agree with him. For schools, and for men who aspire to succeed in Art, "A System of Elementary Drawing" should be very valuable.

In this connection may be mentioned "Artists' Homes," by Mr. Morris Adams, A.R.I.B.A. (B. T. Batsford), which is a portfolio of drawings, including the houses and studios of some of our leading painters, sculptors, and architects. Engravings of the houses are given and plans of their interiors. The artists who have been enabled to build houses for their own occupation have evidently used the opportunity of embodying their ideas of what Art at home should be, and have impressed more or less successfully their own individuality upon their dwellings. It would not be easy to select one artistic residence for commendation where all are good.

"Occasional Papers and Addresses," by Lord O'Hagan, K.P. (Kegan Paul and Co.), travel over a great deal of literary and legal ground; and are characterised by seriousness of tone as well as eloquence. Perhaps the best of these collected addresses are those on Thomas Moore and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Of the latter his lordship says, "We may mourn for the opportunities which escaped him without improvement, and the moral imperfections which marred his usefulness and darkened his life, and the disproportion of his actual usefulness to his power and promise. We may refuse to take aspiration for achievement, or confound possibility with fact. But contemplating all the things of beauty which he has bequeathed to be 'a joy for ever' to us and our children; and all the traditions of his incomparable speech, which had its mission and did its work, though it was spent upon the air and was lost to us; and all the wisdom which may still be gathered from the imperfect books he has left behind him; and all his good and worthy service in purifying and spiritualising the intelligence of the race; we shall chronicle with gratitude and reverence the memory of a man whom his own words most fitly picture:—

The studious poet, eloquent for truth,
Philosopher, contemplating wealth and death,
Yet docile, child-like, full of life and love.

This quotation will give some idea of Lord O'Hagan's manner of approaching his subjects.

Mr. J. E. McConaughy in his "Capital for Working Boys" (Hodder and Stoughton) offers a great deal of good advice in a useful form. His hints about work are contained in a number of short essays, not so long as to be wearisome, and they are made bright by anecdote. The book is one to be commended, both for its purpose and for itself.

Professor Stokes of Cambridge has published the first course of the Burnett Lectures "On Light" (Macmillan and Co.). The four addresses which make up this volume treat of "The Nature of Light," and as they exhibit clearness of explanation and thoroughness of knowledge, they should be largely appreciated.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"THE Poetical Works of Frances Anne Kemble" (Bentley) is a volume which, apart from its intrinsic merits, has special interest as a connecting link between the present and past generations. The contents are varied in point of excellence, but it is singular to note how much they embody that spirit of subjectivity which is generally considered as specially distinguishing the poetry of our own time. But there is much more to praise in the tenderness and delicacy of imagination which characterises many of the pieces, and in the keen feeling for the beauties of Nature displayed in such pieces as "Autumn"—in which the suggested contrast is particularly admirable—or "Venice." A true appreciation of the requirements of the ballad is shown in "The Landgraff," and there is some power in "A Promise;" but the piece that has taken our fancy most is "On a Musical Box"—replete with charming and elegant fancy.

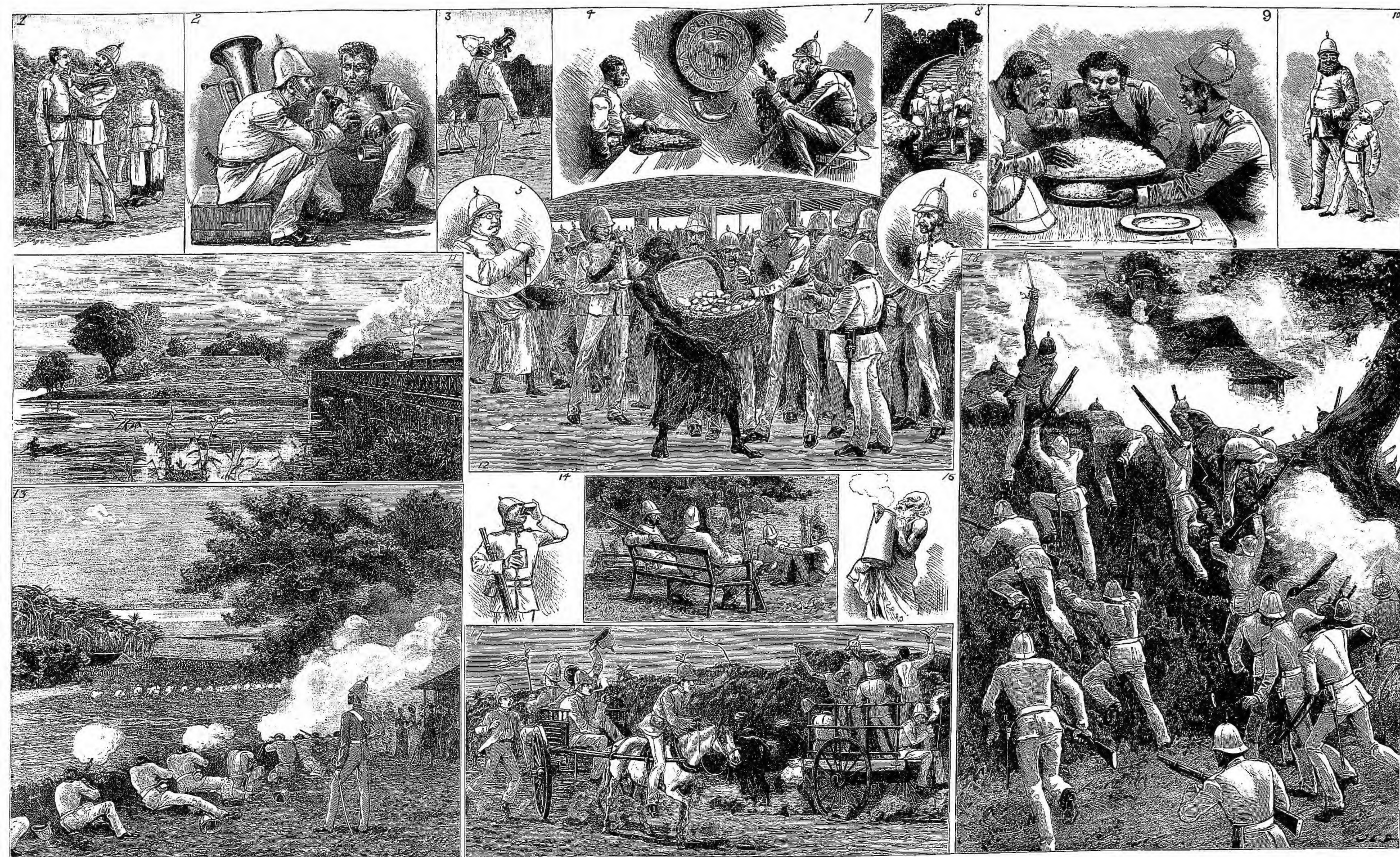
One fails to see what possible benefit can accrue to any living being from the publication of such a queer rhapsody as "Sithron, the Star-Stricken," by Salem Ben Uzair (George Redway). It is a wholly unnecessary diatribe against an Oriental sanitary arrangement which has nothing whatever to do with Western readers, and is by no means the kind of book that fathers of families would care to leave about. The author's command of seventeenth-century English cannot be extolled.

A nice little pamphlet of religious verse, with harmonious musical settings, is "Carols, Hymns, and Noels for Christmas-tide," selected and edited by Thomas Worsley Stainforth (John Hodges). There are some good names amongst the authors, such as those of Mr. W. Chatterton Dix, the Revs. S. Baring Gould, Gerard Moultrie, and others; and if these do not supplant the old favourites they may form a most acceptable supplement.

The best that can be said for "The Morning Song: a Ninefold Praise of Love," by John Watkins Pitchford (Elliot Stock), is, that it is sumptuously produced, and that the author usually shows a keen enjoyment of country sights and scenes. His piety is undeniable, but the possession of that grace does not necessarily imply a poetic gift, and the whole resembles nothing so much as an unsuccessful "Newdigate"—except that it is in blank verse.

The author of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" Joseph Edward Carpenter, Ph.D., needed no apology to the British public in bringing forward "My Jubilee Volume" (Clayton and Co., 17½, Bouverie Street). The veteran song-writer has included some delightful lyrics, many of which will be familiar as having been set to music; but we are not sure that we do not prefer his humorous and romantic pieces, such as "The Origin of Whiskey Punch" or "Undine," both of which are extremely clever from an Ingoldsby point of view.

"A Broken Silence: Some Stray Songs," by Samuel K. Cowan, M.A. (Marcus Ward), is very pleasant reading, whether we regard it from the pathetic, the humorous, or the descriptive standpoint. As regards the first we would cite "A Broken Chord," for the second "A Late Train," and for the third a forcible ballad called "The Wandering Jew," concerning which we may, without wishing to be capricious, remark that a more correct title would have been "The Flying Dutchman." Many of the lyrics have been set to music by well-known composers.



1. A CASE FOR THE AMBULANCE.—2. DISCUSSING THE PLAN OF ATTACK.—3. A BUGLER SOUNDING THE ASSEMBLY.—4. DINING OFF LEAVES.—5 & 6. TWO STUDIES OF HEADS.—7. A FEAST OF BANANAS.—8. CAPTURE OF TWO STRAGGLERS FROM THE ENEMY.—9. A SOCIAL MEAL.—10. TWO OF THE BANDSMEN PROMENADING.—11. ARRIVAL OF THE VOLUNTEERS AT KALUTARA: VIEW OF THE FORT FROM THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.—12. DISTRIBUTING RICE-CAKES.—13. ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY ON KALUTARA FORT.—14. SOMETHING STRONGER THAN TEA.—15. WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.—16. "TEA OR COFFEE, SAR?"—17. ON PLEASURE BENT.—18. RIGHT FLANK ATTACK ON KALUTARA FORT: STORMING THE FORT UP THE EASTERN REDOUBT.

VOLUNTEERING IN CEYLON—A SHAM FIGHT AT KALUTARA

HYMEN AFLOAT

CONSIDERING that Britannia rules the waves, it is not unnatural that her daughters should go to sea for their mates; nevertheless, it is only of recent years that Pater and Materfamilias appear to have recognised the value of the ocean-going steamer as a means of bringing Jack and Jill together. This is surprising, because "boardship life is eminently favourable to that condition of mind when a single man loathes his singleness, and is proportionately envious of the Benedick who has some one else to think of besides himself. It tantalises such a one to see his more fortunate friend engrossed with a delightful young creature having all a bride's blushing honours upon her, while he has nothing to do but to smoke and read novels, read novels and smoke; and it is certain that the surroundings of blue skies and sunny seas—to say nothing of moonlight stealing o'er the waters—have a very stimulating effect upon the romantic feelings of young maidens. Moreover, there is the novelty of love-making under such strange circumstances, which is in itself very refreshing to hearts that have undergone the wear and tear of London ball-rooms, watering-places, homœopathic establishments, and have even withstood the fascinations of the hunting-field. It is something new to the *blasé* youth of our time to see Sweet Seventeen in its native simplicity, which means not *decolletée*, or in the arms of a rival going the pace to the strains of the Hungarian Band, or talking Turf slang, of which, let us hope, she does not understand one half the significance; but alone in a deck chair, clothed and in her right mind, her garments innocent and nautical. And boardship life, consecrated as it is to eating, drinking, and flirting, is admirably adapted to the wiles of any siren, provided always she is not seasick, for there is perhaps no time when a man is more resigned to the loss of his freedom than when he has absolutely nothing whatever to do with it but to eat and drink enormously.

These principles are becoming so thoroughly well recognised by people who cannot afford to keep yachts of their own, that it is now no infrequent sight to meet persons on board large ocean steamships who are apparently without a destination. It signifies nothing to them whether the ship is bound for Melbourne, New York, or Calcutta. They have return tickets in their pockets, and their lungs are generally affected, but not so much so as to preclude all ideas of matrimony. Quite the contrary. The glorious sea breezes have the most wonderfully restorative effect on their constitutions, so that the cynical are left at a loss which to admire most—the roses of the ladies or the appetites of the gentlemen. Lungs, or almost any other portion of our interior economy that is not vulgar, are useful, however, in making those first approaches, without which friendships, and a tenderer connection to follow, are impossible. "The medical men declared I must go to sea," murmurs Mademoiselle, and "Remarkable coincidence!" cries Monsieur; "so they did me!" After this a sympathy is established. The faculty, though far away, appear benignantly to sanction all those little attentions of the one to the other that look so small but mean so much. There is no harm, for instance, in his occupying the seat next her at table, for are not their tonsils or their bronchial tubes alike? No scandal for their leaning on the moonlit rail at night, "discussing medicine and philosophy," as the Irishman expressed it? Nay, Papa even does not frown, or Mamma fidget when young persons so similarly afflicted take their exercise together on the decks, and into all the dark corners, for which their common complaint appears to have an attraction. "On land, my dear, of course it would never do; but at sea, oh! at sea one can do anything." But if these are the lax sentiments of the *chaperone* afloat it must be said that the sea air never blunts her faculties for discovering all about the main chance. She knows, by some incomprehensible method of induction, that the Australian squatter at the head of the table, who is reported to have 50,000*l.* of his own, has not that number of pounds, but of sheep—a difference. She can tell that the prospects of probationers for the Indian Staff Corps, never very great from a matrimonial point of view, are not nearly so good as they were, and she sings the praises of an Indian judge so assiduously behind his back that he blushes to her face. She can tell, somehow or other, that the pseudo nobleman going to New York is a leviathan; and, on the other hand, she metaphorically cuddles the swart and lanky Yank whom every one supposes is a typical clockmaker, but at the last turns out to be a Bonanza millionaire. Travel sharpens the wits, 'tis said, but matrimonial speculation at sea makes them as keen as a razor. The heavy father of the ocean, though he may be dull or benevolent to look at, is not a whit behind his compeer ashore in this kind of parasitical business. The sea, indeed, is now the common resort of fathers with peniless or motherless daughters. The more genial among them declare that as a ship is in some sort like a prison it is here only that they can deem their volatile responsibilities quite safe. But a father's eyes, if affectionate, can be blind. How on earth, or on sea, is Dora's progenitor to know that a sporting Baronet is pressing her dear little toes under the festive board of the great Cunarder? Or, knowing, why should a *bagatelle* of that kind distract his elderly attention from the excellent viands before him? It will very probably be a match between Dora and the wicked Baronet, if the steamer is not the *Alaska*, and gives him but time to propose between America and England, because this British nobleman, as his cousins across the "pond" call him, has been away among the buffaloes, and the face of an English girl is refreshing after weeks of the buffaloes and the buffalo girls of the Far West. And if it should be so, will not that heavy father crow? But it will be under his nightcap, and over his spouse. To the outside world he will still be as ever—an amiable naturalist, curiously and mysteriously interested in the physical geography of the sea.

Do the delicious *belles* who brighten steamer life with nautical jackets, the freshest of muslins, and broad straw hats, know how much they owe to parents who brave the perils of the deep, and even circumnavigate the world, in their behalf? Surely not. If girls do not recognise woman's true mission on land, why should they break upon them like a revelation afloat? Dora thinks the Baronet charming, in spite of the odour of buffalo which her sisteravers clings to him still. And Dora's sister, a very pretty and demure lassie, has a fine field for her own operations on a Missionary Bishop bound from Yokohama. Perhaps she is under the impression that she is at sea to be converted. That is, at all events, the impression the Bishop leaves on the other passengers. But the father of these sweet girls, and their mamma ashore on account of aquaphobia, are as innocent as the babes unborn of what is taking place. A Baronet and a Bishop are not a bad catch for one voyage, even if the two girls are going to live far apart; but it is not every papa that has this papa's fortune; there must be blanks as well as prizes in every profession, ashore or afloat.

The most envied and envious of those who are *in loco parentis* with our mermaids of modern times are the commanders of vessels—the Cuttles and Bunsbys of steam navigation. It is delightful to note with what filial respect and reverence otherwise unchaperoned virgins gravitate towards the paternal protection of the skipper. And it is equally pleasant to observe how that worthy functionary—be he young, middle-aged, or old—falls into the way of protecting and advising his charges, and just as naturally as a hen which has ducklings for a brood. The ship's captain is an excellent *chaperone*, and not unfrequently a professed match-maker. If there is anything good to be said about a girl, he is sure to say it; and he has this advantage over the clergy of to-day, that no parent or guardian is the least afraid of his either marrying a young person or of his leading her into the perilous paths of confession. A captain's ship is his wife—at least when he is afloat—and there is apparently no instance

on record of a commercial captain marrying his ward, though no doubt half-a-dozen such wards would materially influence the celibacy of a man-of-war could they once make good their pretty footing on Her Majesty's quarter-deck. This must be counted unto the Merchant Service as righteousness, though it does not at first glance seem creditable to its gallantry. A very old and experienced skipper, however, explained the phenomenon very easily. He said that when a man had all kinds of jams in his locker—gooseberry, apricot, strawberry, plum, and what else—the odds were that he was at a loss to choose among so many. And no doubt a man who chaperones perhaps one hundred damsels from here to India and back again in the year must experience the same sense of a superfluity of good things that the pastrycook's boy does by the time he is well out of his apprenticeship. But even a Belgravian mother might learn a lesson or two from the admirable manner in which these sometimes rough seamen can trot out their fillies. There is no art or disguise or effort about it, only simple Nature. Honest Jack seems tacitly to say to all single men on board whom it may concern, "Splice and be ————well, blessed—"you lubbers, for here's a chance you ain't likely to get again;" while he walks her (constitutionally) up and down his own sacred "bridge." In effect, the charge of a maiden is to the nautical man as the charge of his ship, and he conceives himself morally bound to keep the one off shoals and quicksands just as much as the other.

All these circumstances being duly taken into consideration, it is odd how very few are the actual weddings that have occurred at sea. People marry up in balloons, and down in diving bells, but there seems to be a quite unnatural hesitation to marrying afloat, although, and as if to encourage the timid, the captain of a man-of-war can tie the knot as firmly on his own quarter-deck as any Bishop of them all in his own cathedral. The Americans, indeed, have got up marriages on their river steamers, possibly to advertise the boats, or possibly to utilise their bridal chambers, but the British mind is at present averse to wedding in Neptune's domains, though as we advance this will doubtless be rectified. And why not? What a delightful relief to the monotony of long sea voyages would be periodical weddings, say one a week, with champagne, bride-cake, and a sympathising skipper's fervent blessings on the happy pair? We take credit for some originality in this idea, and commend it to the directors of the various great steam-packet companies throughout the world. It is not claimed that the innovation would crowd their vessels, but it certainly would not leave them empty. And the most popular ships should be those that added a parson to the usual ship's furniture of a cow and an experienced surgeon.

F. E. W.



MRS. POWER O'DONOGHUE'S "A Beggar on Horseback" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is so clever, that the general vulgarity of its tone, and even of its style, is the more regrettable. Nor does the cleverness lie either in the story itself, which amounts to nothing, or in the construction, which is, to say the least, clumsy; but in the skill of the authoress in dealing with an excessively improbable but amusing character, and in keeping the reader interested and entertained, despite his better judgment, throughout her three volumes. Accordingly, in finding much to blame, we must grant Mrs. Power O'Donoghue that entire freedom from dullness for the sake of which almost all errors are readily pardoned by those who read only to be interested and amused. Even these, however, will find it hard to forgive her perverse passion for the manufacture of exceedingly bad puns. There is no tinge of humour, for example, in being unable to speak of a man's "gait" without instantly dragging in a far-fetched allusion to his "gaiters," and even in the name of her heroine, Honor Bright, she cannot hold her hand from what very soon becomes irritating and wearisome. The triumph of her portraiture is Bet—a beautiful and accomplished young lady who, in order to render herself unattractive for certain rather complex reasons, assumes a chronic squint, dresses like a maid-of-all-work, passes her time like an amateur Cinderella, but makes up for her self-inflicted fate by the exercise of a tongue as quick as lightning, as sharp as a needle, and as rough as a burr. The girl herself appears impossible; her queer sayings are almost as unlikely as herself ever to have been made. But she and they alike are made to seem as natural as they are certainly original and effective. The most objectionable and the most vulgar element in the novel results from the authoress's apparent belief in "Ouida" as a model for imitation. Lady Kissie, for example, has certainly been thus inspired, and the result is anything but successful. In short, the novel is a kind of slap-dash production, hit or miss; and while it has certainly missed anything like "artistic merit," it has certainly hit the likelihood of popularity. With a little more care, and, above all things, with the cultivation of good taste, Mrs. Power O'Donoghue ought easily to combine the two. She is clearly clever enough to write an infinitely better novel.

A novel must, at any rate according to custom, have a title, and the "Jewel in the Lotus" (1 vol.: W. H. Allen and Co.), is at least as appropriate to Mary Agnes Tincker's latest as "The Storm in the Teacup" or "The Fly in the Amber" would have been. The original jewel in the original lotus is, we believe, connected in some manner with the ritual of the Buddhists of Tibet; but in what way it is connected with Miss Tincker's novel we are at a loss to discover. Buddhism is, it is said, coming into fashion, so that the title may have some recondite meaning for the initiated. To the outside world, however, the story to which it belongs will be taken for an ordinary sort of love story, fully as sentimental and invertebrate as "Signor Monaldini's Niece," which introduced the same author to a certain amount of notice. If, however, the picture, that is to say the story itself, is of little value, the frame, that is to say the local atmosphere, and the setting generally, is not without originality and interest. Italy generally may have been overdone, but the neighbourhood of Rome, like the neighbourhood of London, is to some extent *terra incognita* by very reason of its closeness to a great capital. The novel thus obtains an element of freshness from the occasional pieces of picturesque description it contains. Moreover the many local proverbs and the few scraps of popular song introduced here and there are of interest for their own sake, and are worth reproduction. Of course readers of "Signor Monaldini's Niece" need not be told that Miss Tincker takes the American ultra-sentimental view of everything, and that her book, if not particularly sensible, is sufficiently well written. It should be added that the story has illustrations by Thomas and Helen C. Hovenden.

"Old Mark Langston, a Tale of Duke's Creek," by Richard Malcolm Johnston (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.), introduces us to such exceedingly unfamiliar ground as a little town in the State of Georgia. Crediting Mr. Johnston with the intimate knowledge of his characters and their surroundings of which he gives evidence, it can only be gathered that the inhabitants of little towns in Georgia are exceptionally dull, and not worth describing. They seem to spend their time in discussing religious matters with one another in such style and language as to make it appear that their united intellects ceased to be developed at about seven or eight years old. Of course, however, they fall in love and cheat one another as well as whole-witted humanity, and they have more than the amount of the

genealogical complications usual in ordinary fiction. There are an infinite number of characters, of whom some are knotted up in a complicated puzzle of this kind, while the rest act as a sort of theological chorus, and the plot requires a great deal of attention—indeed, a hurried reader would find in it nothing but sheer confusion. Nor is the plot so ingenious as to deserve the amount of attention it requires. A good deal of time, trouble, and patience would be saved, however, by skipping all the conversations. These are not only heavy in matter, but are written in what we suppose is the Georgian dialect of the great American mother-tongue. It is not attractive, nor is it interesting to find that "Just so" is pronounced "Jesso." There is, however, some peculiarity in the use of "previous," in the sense of "going first," for "superior;" thus "previousest" means "best of all." Some other points of this kind may interest the philologist, if not the general reader. On the whole, "Old Mark Langston" belongs to that large and increasing class of American fiction for which English literature is none the better. Chronicles of the very smallest beer of course have a local importance, though we imagine few Georgians will care to accept Mr. Johnston's collection of superstitious similes as true representatives of their State—the more especially since he appears to regard the endless twaddle he puts into their mouths as representing humour and shrewd simplicity. Perhaps it will be discovered some day that a good deal of the humour of other States also consists in peculiarities of spelling. What would become of half the American humour if "well" were not written "waall," or if "appears" were not docked of its first syllable?



MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.—A song of the olden times is "The Crusader," words by Miss Alice O. Stevens; music by Frank N. Abernethy. This song will prove a welcome change from the ultra-sentimental love ditties of the period, of which, by the way, "Love, the Sentinel" ("Good Night, Dear Love"), written and composed by C. J. Rowe and Godfrey Marks, is a very good specimen.—No instrument is more charming when well played, nor more ear-torturing when the reverse, than the violin. J. D. Loder's celebrated "Instruction Book for the Violin," edited by J. T. Carrodus, will prove to be of the greatest assistance to students of this instrument, from the beginning to the end of their studies. The latest is styled "The Marlborough Edition."—"General Chinese Gordon's March," composed by J. C. Drane, is spirited, and the time is well marked. A very excellent likeness of this hero, on horseback, adds much to the attractiveness of this piece.—"The Sans Souci Polka," by E. V. Pieraccini, is tuneful and danceable.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Of more than ordinary merit is the "Hymn of the Goths at Alaric's Tomb in the River Busentinum," translated from the German (Ed. Ziehen) by Georgina E. Johnstone, and skilfully set to music by Louis Liebe for four male voices, with an accompaniment of brass instruments or pianoforte. A grand effect may be produced with this by a body of well-trained singers at a festival concert.—Smoothly-written and very melodious is "Ave Maria," a motet for two voices (first and second sopranos, or tenor and baritone), with organ or pianoforte accompaniment, composed by A. Duvivier.—It is now the fashion for composers of high reputation to write down to the level of small intellects, and they are often liable to overshoot the mark, and produce very feeble compositions. Such is the case with "Ride a Cock Horse: a Nursery Rhyme," part-song, for mixed voices, by C. A. Macirone.—Two fairly-good and pleasing drawing-room songs are respectively "Irene," the words written and music arranged from a Greek air by the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd, a song which is not wanting in originality; and "To-Night or Never," written and composed by F. Wyville Home and North Home.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Again comes a new edition of "The Church Psalter," pointed for chanting by Edward L. Crawley, which differs in some few particulars from the old-established and well-arranged editions already in use; but so trifling are the changes that we doubt much if great success may be anticipated beyond the limits of the choir under the charge of the compiler (Richard Jackson, Leeds).—A prettily-written part-song for mixed voices, "The Curfew," Longfellow's popular poem, set to music by Clement C. Harris, will prove a welcome addition to a small but cultivated choir (62, Hatton Garden, E.C.).—Four songs, for which a brief career may be anticipated, are: "The Maiden's Ditty," written and composed by S. Jones and E. S. Craston; "Dora," words by W. C. Newsam and "Cristabel" (Messrs. Reid Brothers); "The Jasper Sea," written and composed by Colonel J. Hay and J. R. Gale (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.); and a national song, "Yes, Albion's Stood a Thousand Years," words by W. C. Hunt, music by A. F. Carter (W. Chambers).—"The Egyptian Patrol," by Chevalier F. de Yrigoyti, is a pianoforte piece which may lay claim to originality (Composers' Publishing Company).

THE WAR GAME.—A correspondent writes:—"I have just seen your account of the war game in yours of the 8th ult., giving the credit of the invention to Prussia about sixty years since. I had been reading Smollett's 'Count Fathom,' and in the second chapter of the second volume you will find a full description of it. Smollett died in 1771." The following is the passage to which our correspondent alludes. The hero has just been committed to durance vile for debt, is being introduced to his associates, and is on his way to an audience with the "King" of the prison, but is informed that His Majesty is busily engaged in conducting a "campaign."—"He then, by the direction of his conductor, reconnoitred through the key-hole, and perceived the Sovereign and his Minister, sitting on opposite sides of a deal board table, covered with a large chart or map, upon which he saw a great number of mussel and oyster-shells ranged in a certain order, and, at a little distance, several regular squares and columns made of cards cut in small pieces. The Prince himself, whose eyes were reinforced by spectacles, surveyed this armament with great attention, while the general put the whole in action, and conducted their motions by beat of drum. The mussel-shells, according to Minikin's explanation, represented the transports, the oyster-shells were considered as the men of war that covered the troops in landing, and the pieces of card exhibited the different bodies into which the army was formed upon its disembarkation. As an affair of such consequence could not be transacted without opposition, they had provided divers ambuscades, consisting of the enemy, whom they represented by grey peas; and accordingly General Macleaver, perceiving the said grey peas marching along shore to attack his forces, before they could be drawn up in battalia, thus addressed himself to the oyster-shells, in an audible voice:—"You men of war, don't you see the front of the enemy advancing, and the rest of the detachment following out of sight? Arrah! the devil burn you, why don't you come ashore and open your batteries?" So saying, he pushed the shell towards the breach, performing the cannonading with his voice, the grey peas were soon put in confusion, the general was beat, the cards marched forward in order of battle, and the enemy having retreated with great precipitation, they took possession of their ground without farther difficulty."

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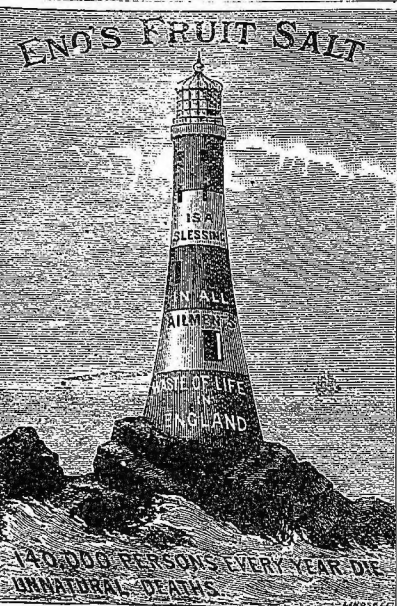
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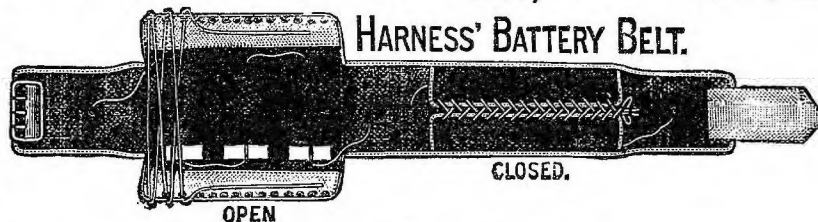
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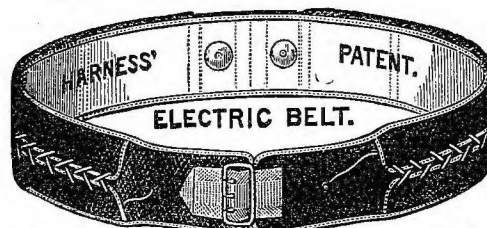
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A. CARTER,

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I guarantee the above Testimonial to have been given un solicited by a conscientious, good man.—J. C. E. BILIOUS ATTACKS.—In bilious people and what are called bilious attacks, the liver is employed in getting rid of excessive quantities of certain ingredients, and when it is unable to do so sick headache is produced by the retention of bile in the blood. ENO'S FRUIT SALT exercises a simple but special action on the liver, by which the secretion of the bile is regulated. In the deficiency, therefore, of the secretive powers of the liver into the intestines, biliousness is caused, and as a natural consequence, great sluggishness of the body and apathy of the mind. In any case where the liver is sluggish ENO'S FRUIT SALT will increase its action by natural means, and thus prevent what is termed "the blues."

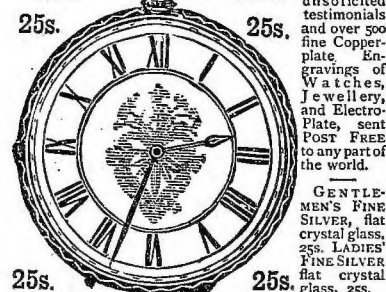
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SUPPLY ALL GOODS AT WHOLE-SALE
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25s. 25s.
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The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper, says the goods of
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"HAVE A WORLD-WIDE FAME."



as they not lovely?
I'm quite of your opinion
ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S Irish linen Goods
are exquisitely beautiful in
texture, and marvellously cheap.

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H.I. and R.H. the
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22-CARAT GOLD WEDDING RINGS.
PROTECTED BY REGISTERED TRADE MARK
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3 ft. 3 ft. 6 in. 4 ft. 4 ft. 6 in. 5 ft.
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The safest and most gentle aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and infants.

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HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM gives a Pure and Blooming Complexion. It Restores and Preserves Youthful Beauty. Its effects are Gradual, Natural, and Perfect. It removes Redness, Blisters, Pimples, Tan, Sunburn, and Freckles, and makes a Lady of thirty appear but twenty. The MAGNOLIA BALM makes the Skin Smooth and Pearly, and imparts a Fresh Appearance to the Countenance. HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM has been established nearly Forty Years, and is Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

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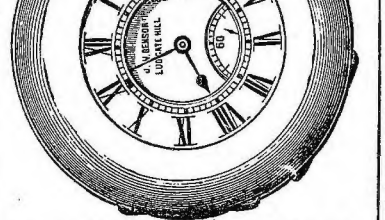
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"Fair hand, smooth skin, how beautiful ye are."

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Preserves the Hands, the Skin, the Lips, preventing Chaps and Roughness, removing traces of exposure to inclement cold and sea air, smooths the surface, whitens, renders supple, and imparts healthy tint to the skin, frees without injuring the pores, is most pleasant to use, quite colourless, and not greasy. Highly serviceable in cases where the skin is abraded. Excellent for cracked lips, chaps, and sore lips. Vegetable, not mineral, agreeable in perfume. In bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 3s.

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The best and finest preparation for the Teeth and Gums, is confidently recommended. While whitening the teeth, it preserves the Enamel, hardens the Gums, improves their colour, cleanses and fixes the Teeth, and counteracts decay. Disguises tobacco odour, and sweetens the breath. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 9d.

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For Deranged Liver, Indigestion, and Constipation. This valuable remedy removes Headache, Nausea, and Biliousness. Acts healthfully, gives tone to the stomach, dispels dulness, giddiness, and prostration. There is no equal remedy as BERBERINE for Colic or Achings in the Loins and Kidneys. It is admittedly unrivalled, and all who suffer from any of these distressing ailments will do well to employ this avowed remedy. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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THE APPROVED REMEDY FOR Curing Coughs, Catarrhs, and similar ailments. Miss Atwell, 40, Upper Russell Street, Swansea, writes to Messrs. Leath and Ross:—"My niece for the past five years has suffered from Hay Fever, and could not get anything to relieve it until she heard of your GLYKALINE. It has done her much good. Hers was a stubborn case. I send this in common justice that others may find the benefit from GLYKALINE. Of this approved remedy for diseases of the respiratory tract, the best and most specific for coughs, colds, catarrh, asthma, and influenza, another correspondent (Mrs. Bruce, Lesarrach, Roscrea) says:—"It acted almost miraculously with me. In a bad case of bronchitis I used it only three times, and was perfectly cured. GLYKALINE effectually relieves disorders of the mucous membrane, so prevalent at this season, and relieves the breathing. For Coughs and Colds this remedy is unprecedented. 'L'alon Rouge,' writing in *Vanity Fair*, under date March 27, 1877, says:—"This medicine has the valuable property of curing cold in the head. The discoverer ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with the feeling of general depression, the certain precursor of a catarrh. I sped to the nearest chemist's, found the longed-for remedy, and BEFORE NIGHT WAS PERFECTLY CURED. It is called GLYKALINE. This independent contributor to *Vanity Fair* testifies that THREE DROPS OF GLYKALINE taken at intervals of an hour will cure the most obstinate cold. He bears witness in his letter to the healing properties of this remarkable specific, sure and prompt to relieve the sufferer. GLYKALINE is sold in bottles, 1s. 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d. Full directions with each bottle. Sold by all Chemists.

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THE APPROVED SPECIFIC. Cures Toothache, Neuralgia, and all Nerve Pains. It is reliable for Rheumatism, Gout, and Sciatica, and invaluable for Face-Ache. Often acts instantaneously, giving freedom from pain and enduring relief, however intense has been the attack. NEURALINE is celebrated as a sure specific. In many cases a single application effects a permanent cure. Sir James Spence received undoubted testimony in the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, N.B.:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot fully express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the NEURALINE. It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief was most instantaneous. NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists in bottles, 1s. 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated directions with each.

"Grateful and good as dew on parched soil."

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THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.

Nourishes and improves it, arrests decay and weakness, stimulates the growth, and eradicates prejudicial influences while lengthening the life. Nothing a dye, and new Oil is easily applied, being merely required to be brushed well into the roots. Confidently recommended by purchasers and correspondents. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., and 3s.

"Essential curative, most welcome."

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A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. Rapidly applied, speedily hardens, completely protects the exposed nerve, gives perfect security and ease, causes no inconvenience, and aids mastication. It is of simple application. This valuable preparation, attested by many users, is sold in bottles, 1s. 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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PHOSPHO-MURIATE OF QUININE.

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.

This Specific has extraordinary claims upon the reader's attention. It may be honestly said to resuscitate and renew the failing system, as it removes Lassitude, Headache, Sleeplessness, while soothing the disturbed temper, strengthening the memory, equalising the spirits, and correcting the ravages made by Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. All who suffer from Exhaustion and Brain-weariness may rely on deriving relief from this peculiarly powerful restorative. Directions with each bottle, 1s. 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.; post free, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 4s. 9d.

"Insidious, undermining foes, begone!"

WORM POWDERS.

Specially prepared from the *Chenopodium Anthelminticum*. Suitable for both Adults and Children. Most effective in expelling Worms, especially the small kinds. Parents should remember that the injurious effects caused by Worms are very serious, not only to the physical system of children, but to their mental development, as the balance of Nature is constantly interfered with by the irritation of parts. THESE WORM POWDERS remove Intestinal Worms of large size, and give speedy relief. With directions, price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., post free.

"Remove the Cause, and the Effect shall cease."

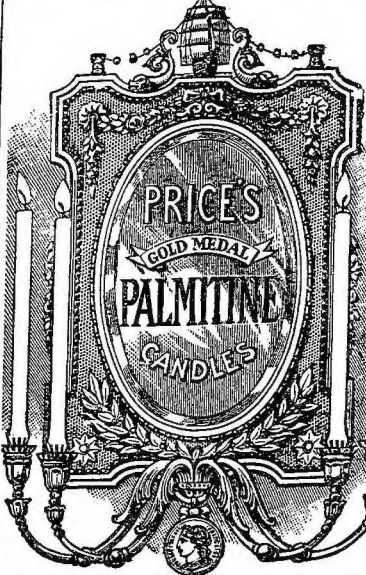
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AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produce a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Sold everywhere at 2s. 6d.

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THE "FALKA" JERSEY.

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Post free in the United Kingdom.